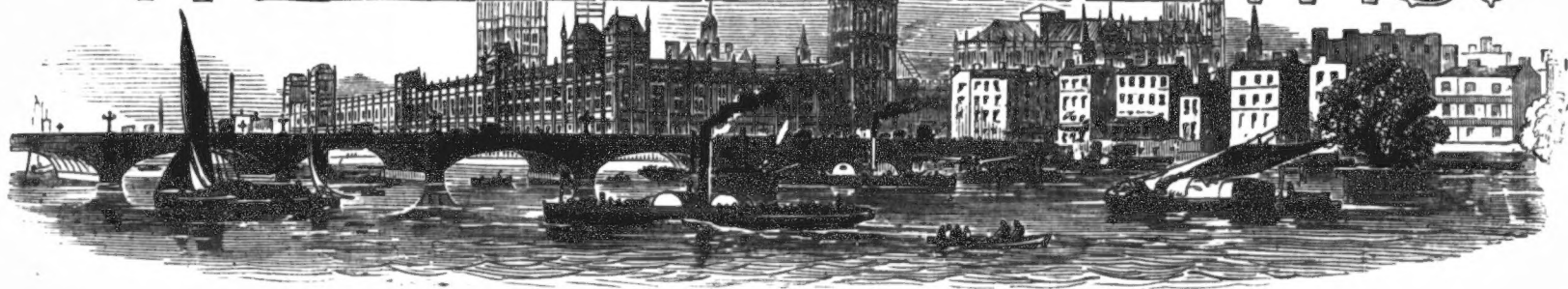


John Dick 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



DESTRUCTION OF THE SAVOY CHURCH BY FIRE, ON THE 7TH OF JULY, 1864. (See page 66.)

Notes of the Week.

An engine-driver named Nicholas Clarke was accidentally killed on Sunday evening on the Hammersmith extension of the Metropolitan Railway. The unfortunate man was leaning over from his engine to see that the train was all right, when his head came in contact with a telegraph pole. He was knocked off the engine and killed instantly.

On Sunday afternoon a small party of excursionists went out in a pleasure-boat from the beach behind the Custom House at Folkestone, the owner of the boat named Kemp taking the care. A child belonging to one of the party was afraid of the water, and remained behind on the beach. Some time afterwards, about three o'clock, the lugger No. 6, of Folkestone, Dawson master, was proceeding to Dover and about a mile eastward of Folkestone, and a mile and a half off the land, they observed a boat bottom upwards, with a man clinging to the keel, and bore down immediately to render assistance, but failed to come close alongside, and as another tack would take some time, and the man might meanwhile become exhausted, one of the party in the lugger was about to jump overboard, but was prevented by his companions, lest by a struggle in the water both he and the man already in jeopardy should be lost. A rope thrown over the keel of the boat was not seized by the man; and then the crew of the lugger hailed a brigantine that was passing, which, after some delay, put off a boat that took off the man and conveyed him ashore at Folkestone harbour, senseless, but breathing. The man saved is Mr. Robert Scott, about twenty-five years of age, unmarried, of No. 2, Roodie-street, Islington, employed in a gin distillery in London. He says he had been an hour on the bottom of the boat. The persons lost are Mr. James Bowyer and his sweetheart, Miss Lawrence, both of London; Mr. Huntley, a fly driver, of Folkestone; and John Kemp, the boatman. It was Huntley's child who was left on the beach, and the widow is near her confinement. The boatman has left a widow and four children. Huntley and Bowyer were related.

On Monday, as Mrs. Mathewson, of Goswell-street, was crossing the cattle-market, one of a herd of oxen, being driven from the cattle-market, rushed at her, knocked her down and gored her about the breast and body in a shocking manner. Mrs. Mathewson was taken to her residence, and attended by Dr. Sutton. Her injuries were found to be of a severe character, and being extensive serious consequences are anticipated.

On Monday morning, information was forwarded to Mr. Parnes, the coroner, that on Saturday last the superintendent of the clock-room of the Brighton Railway, while inspecting the various clocks in his charge, found in a black box, which had been lying there since the 14th ult., the body of a full grown child. Such crimes have it seems of late been of frequent occurrence on the metropolitan railways.

A curious time before three o'clock on Monday morning about five-sixths of Lewis's ginger-beer and soda-water manufactory, Princess-street, Stamford-street, Lambeth, was destroyed by fire. The private residence was also damaged and a portion of Mr. H. Klee's factory destroyed. Several adjoining houses were damaged.

On Monday, an inquest was held in Spring-place, Walworth, touching the death of Mrs. Freeman, thirty-three years of age, who died from the effects of cuts on her throat, at first believed not to have been inflicted by her own hand. On the previous Thursday night Mr. Freeman, who keeps the Surrey Arms Tavern, heard a noise which induced him instantly to rush up stairs, and on the landing he found his wife lying dead, with a terrible gash in her throat, evidently inflicted with a sharp table-knife, which was found near her. Mr. Freeman and his wife had been living on the most affectionate terms, and the gash not was attributable to temporary momentary derangement, in consequence of one of the children of deceased being ill. A verdict in accordance with the evidence was returned.

THE DANISH NAVY.

A letter from Berlin, of July 6, says:—"It is only on the sea, their native element, where the Danes still appear to have some advantage over the Germans. And even here I feel the gravest doubts whether a decided attention will not speedily occur in the relations hitherto existing between the two belligerents. The German North Sea fleet will in a few days embrace nineteen vessels—twelve Austrian and seven Prussian. Among these are a screw-ship of the line (the Kaiser of 91 guns) three iron-plated vessels (Juno of 16 guns, Kaiser Max of 20 guns, and Pedro of 15 guns); further, three screw frigates (Schwarzenberg, 50; Radeky, 35; Danbolt, 32), and five screw corvettes of from 28 to 14 guns each. This fleet is, if I mistake not, quite superior to any the Danes will be able to send against it, if they do not altogether give up operations in the Baltic, or at least against the Prussian coast. Before the suspension of hostilities the German fleet remained on the defensive. They now feel themselves strong enough to take the offensive. I feel no doubt that before many days the allied fleet will have departed Denmark of the islands on the west coast of Schleswig. Only two or three days back the hospital authorities at Rendsburg received sudden orders to send a hundred beds to the west coast of Schleswig, and it is understood that this step was in connexion with operations the fleet was about to make against the neighbouring islands still in possession of the Danes. Under all these circumstances we may be prepared to see Denmark overwhelmed at sea just as on land. Her prospects are now darker than ever. From the very first moment of the war she has had nothing but losses. The only victory she has gained, that of the sea fight at Heligoland, brought her not the least material advantage, and it is now more than doubtful if she will ever again be able to achieve the empty honour of another such bootless victory as that was. In the Baltic her fleet is able to do nothing more than maintain a moderately effective blockade of the Prussian ports, and to capture now and then an odd vessel. Over the Prussian Baltic fleet the Danes are unable to gain any material advantage. The small Prussian vessels are too active and wary to allow the Danes to inflict any material injury upon them. The Prussian artillery on sea as well as on land is far superior to that of the Danes; and hence in the skirmishes which take place from time to time the larger Danish vessels generally have the worst of it. This was the case in an action, lasting three-quarters of an hour, which took place last Saturday on the north-east coast of Rugen. The broadsides of the Danish frigate, the Tordenskjold, entirely failed to touch the smaller Prussian ships, while the latter struck the big hull of the Danes several times. The Tordenskjold appears, in fact, to have been set on fire by one of the Prussian bombs, and her companion, the Schleswig, a corvette of twelve guns, was soon left to do the thing alone. The Prussian vessels, mounting altogether but ten guns, only withdrew when, through the too rapid firing, four of the ten guns had got slightly out of order in the breech-loading apparatus. The two Danish vessels appeared again off the same part of Rugen on Sunday night, when a Prussian field battery was rapidly brought into position and threw twenty bombs at them, of which seven are said to have been successful, whereupon the Danes rapidly steamed off. Thus every day brings fresh evidence that with their obsolete artillery the Danes must resign all hope, if they ever had any, of making up by successes at sea for their complete defeat on land."

KENDALL'S STIMULANT AND DEHAIR RESTORER restores the Hair by stimulating removing scales, and promoting the falling off. It gives a beautiful gloss and perfume. Price 1s. 6d., of any Chemist, or by post twenty-eight stamps, from Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The state of the Emperor's health is far from satisfactory. It needs something more than good resolution to expel rheumatic gout from a system already predisposed to other maladies. Dr. Rava, who is honoured with the confidence of his imperial patient, has faith in Vichy. His enemies maintain that his staunch advocacy of those waters were caused by a disagreement with the doctor at Plombières, which would seem to be groundless, as all the imperial entourage is deeply interested in keeping the Emperor in robust health. No Court doctor would allow his personal prejudices to influence his counsels to his sovereign.

Referring to the late debate, the *Opinion Nationale* says:—"We take upon ourselves to qualify as deplorable and blithed the policy of Mr. Oublen and many of his colleagues in parliament who, in presence of such a dangerous eventuality as the realisation of the reactionary projects of the Holy Alliance, maintain that England, even were she seconded by France, ought not to draw the sword, for the reason that war would do harm to trade. The belly, and nothing but the belly—a fine school, truly!"

POLAND.

HORRORS OF THE RUSSIAN RULE.

Accounts from Warsaw of the 2nd inst. state that three hundred persons, sentenced to Siberia, had set out on the 22nd ult. The greater number of them belonged to the upper classes; they were dressed like convicts, their heads shaved, and were chained together two and two. Several of these prisoners died of hunger and fatigue. More frightful accounts are made, and women have torn the skin from their faces and otherwise disfigured themselves to save themselves from the licentiousness of their oppressors.

In Lithuania Mouravieff transported the populations of entire villages. Such has been the fate of the inhabitants of the village of Prujany, whose crime was to have bastinadoed a person whose conduct appears to have richly merited that punishment. The goods of the victims were sold, the Russian officers, as usual, having laid hands upon whatever was most valuable. The farms of the inhabitants of Prujany will be distributed to Russian cultivators brought from the neighbourhood of Moscow.

RUSSIA.

NAVAL PREPARATIONS IN RUSSIA.

The official Copenhagen gazette publishes the following:—"A Russian squadron is now being fitted out at Cronstadt. It is placed under the command of Rear-Admiral Toboyn, who has hoisted his pennant upon the paddle-wheel frigate Rurik. The squadron is further composed of the screw line-of-battle ship Kaiser Nicholas I, 111 guns, the paddle-wheel frigates Olaf and Chobry, with the transports Artelschich, Krasnaya, and Gurka. It is reported that this expedition is intended to land troops at various places upon the coast of Finland in readiness for all eventualities. Simultaneously with the equipment of this squadron we hear of numerous other naval preparations on the part of Russia. The new screw corvette Ashad is upon the point of being launched at Cronstadt, and several iron clads have recently been completed in the dockyards of St. Petersburg. Among these latter are the plated paterne Fe From Mire and the Smertch, a screw with two cupolas. The iron-clad fleet recently constructed for the defence of the Russian coast is now said to consist of two plated batteries and twelve monitors upon Erikson's system. It is stated that a Russian squadron of evolution will shortly visit the different Prussian, Swedish, and Danish harbours in the Baltic."

MEXICO.

Official despatches received at Paris from Mexico via St. Nazaire announce the solemn entry of the Emperor Maximilian into the capital on the 12th June, amid unanimous and indescribable enthusiasm, in which the names of the Emperor and of France were not forgotten.

AMERICA.

A correspondent, writing from City Point, under date of June 21st, says:—

"The fighting in front of Petersburg has been of the most sanguinary character imaginable, and has not been surpassed during this war for determined, persistent onsets on the enemy's lines on the part of the enemy. Our gallant troops have faced death hourly, and wrested vantage ground from the rebels at the cannon's mouth, in the very jaws of death, only to find after storming one line of entrenchments and turning them upon their former holders, that others confronted them again of newly equal strength and consequence. The rebel engineering greatly surpassed everything I have heretofore seen, and probably any the war has developed. Formidable field works literally sprung from the earth as if by magic in a single night at every point."

Another letter says:—"Now, when both the Southern and Northern press agree as to the formidable works which surround Petersburg, a pretty certain cue may thus be found to the comparative inaction which has prevailed along the Federal lines since the cruel sacrifice of the 3,000 before Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln has been paying Grant and Butler a visit. Subsequent to McClellan's retreat to Harrison's Landing, two years ago, the President paid him a visit also. After the slaughter of the Union forces, and the defeat of all their plans and efforts to secure the great prize, the President makes it a rule to visit the generals, crack a few jokes, and then return to his stately mansion with as little concern as if he had been engaged in splitting rails."

INDIA.

The *Times of India* announces that the following measures will be adopted towards Bhootan:—

The tract of land situated at the foot of the Bhootan Hills, called Ambarree Fallacootah, is to be immediately annexed to the British territories. The sum of Rs. 10,000 hitherto paid as a subsidy to the Bhootians on the frontiers of Assam has been ordered to be discontinued. The Bhootians are to be hemmed in by posts established along our frontier, the garrisons of which are to prevent supplies of any kind reaching Bhootan from British India. These measures will soon humble the Bhootians, as the Hill States depend on our territories for most of their supplies.

The same paper says the resignation of the command of the army by Sir Hugh Rose, and the appointment of Sir William Mansfield as his successor, are stated to be near at hand.

Another cruel sentence has taken place in May war. The son of the Rajah of Bogyoon died, and was executed, during which ceremony his unfortunate wife was thrown on the funeral pile and held there until she was burnt to death. The attention of the Government has been drawn to this shocking atrocity.

A DECAL LIVING FOR SALE.—The adwoson and perpetual right of presentation to the rectory of Holywell, Huntingdonshire, is to fall under the auctioneer's hammer towards the close of the present month. The benefice is described as comprising an excellent rectory-house, standing on rising ground close to the church, about 4½ acres of arable land, and the interest on £2,805 16s. 2d. in the Three per Cent. Consols, the total value of the living being about £726. The population is about 900, and the incumbent is in the seventy-sixth year of his age. It appears from the Clerical Directory that the present patron of the benefice is the Duke of Manchester.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CHAPEL-ROYAL OF THE SAVOY.

On Thursday week, at midday, this venerable church, which was upwards of 550 years old, and which had besides a peculiar historical interest, was destroyed by fire, and nothing now remains of the edifice, which was always greatly admired for its interior embellishment, but the bare, charred, roofless walls. Most Londoners, and many other people besides, will remember the chapel, situated in a quiet nook behind the Strand, with its trim little burial ground, surrounded with trees and evergreens, forming a kind of oasis in the midst of a great city. It stood within the precincts of the ancient Palace of the Savoy, of which it was the last remnant. It is a peculiar benefice in the gift of her Majesty, in right of her Duchy of Lancaster, and in the reign of Elizabeth, before the householders beyond the precinct were permitted to use it as their parish church, they signed an instrument renouncing all claim to any right or property in the chapel itself. There is a tradition that when the Library in the vernacular tongue was restored by Queen Elizabeth the Chapel of the Savoy was the first place in which the service was performed. It was in this chapel also that the memorable conference between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Divines on the Book of Common Prayer was held in 1561. The benefice has been held by more than one distinguished ornament of the Church of England; among others, by Dr. Anthony Horneck, the favourite chaplain of King William III., and one of the most celebrated preachers of his time. The chapel, which was erected about the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., was originally connected with an hospital. Its interior dimensions were 90 feet by 24, and it was in the Gothic style of architecture, with a curious little tower at the southern end, which, with the main walls, still survives. The ceiling, which has been entirely destroyed, was the most striking feature of the interior of the chapel. It was wholly of oak and pear tree, and divided into 138 quatrefoil panels, each enriched with a carved ornament either of sacred or historical significance. The panels numbered twenty-three in the length of the chapel and six in its width. Ten of the ranges had each a shield in the centre presenting in high relief some feature or emblem of the passion and death of the Saviour, and all devised and arranged in a style of which there are many examples in sacred edifices in the 15th and 16th centuries. The panels throughout the rest of the ceiling contained bearings or badges, indicating the various families from which the royal lineage was derived, and more particularly the alliances of the House of Lancaster, each panel being surrounded by a wreath richly blazoned and tinted with livery colours of the different families. The various devices in the ceiling will be found minutely explained in a heraldic work by Mr. Willement. There were many ancient mural monuments in the chapel. Among them was an imposing one in the chancel, to the memory of Sir Robert Douglas and his lady, erected in the early part of the seventeenth century. In a pretty Gothic niche on the opposite side was the figure of a lady kneeling, commemorative of Joana, daughter of Sir Alan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, and wife of the then Earl of Dalhousie. On the western wall, near the altar-piece, was a beautiful ornamental recess, in the back of which had been effigies engraved on brass. Near this was a small tablet to the memory of Ann Kilgrew, 1685, daughter of one of the masters of the Savoy, and niece to the well-known jester. This was the lady described by Dryden as "A Grace for beauty and a Muse for wit." Of Arabella Dowager Countess of Nottingham, who was interred in the chancel, there was also a fine monument. Some of these have survived the ravages of the fire, but not so the fine altar-piece and the large stained glass window surmounting it, which have been entirely destroyed. In the lower central compartment of this window was a figure of St. John the Baptist, to whom the hospital of Savoy was dedicated. The side compartments contained emblems of the other Evangelists, while the ducal coronet, the red robe of Lancaster, and the lions and fleurs-de-lis of the Plantagenet eschequer were introduced in other parts. Over all was the inscription—"This window was glazed at the cost of the congregation, in honour of God, and in gratitude to our Queen Victoria." With respect to the fire, it appears that of late a slight escape of gas had been perceived in the neighbourhood of the organ, which was on the floor and at the south end of the chapel, and a gasfitter was employed to detect the point of leakage. While so engaged, he was accompanied by the Rev. Henry White, the incumbent of the chapel, who was exceedingly desirous that he should observe all due care in the matter. They entered the chapel together for that purpose and left it together. Shortly afterwards the beadle, who was at work in the churchyard, perceived a smell of fire, and having called Mr. White's attention to it, they entered the chapel and found that it proceeded from a curtain, which appeared to have been slightly singed. There was then no other visible sign of fire, and that had been extinguished before they entered; but shortly afterwards the interior of the chapel was observed to be in a blaze. The fire spread with great rapidity, and before assistance could be had or engines brought, it had chained such a hold of the building as to defy all efforts to extinguish it; and in less than an hour the chapel was reduced to a mass of ruins. A house in the occupation of Mr. Finney, tailor, caught fire at the back through the window of a balcony which overhung the northern end of the church, and was in a short time completely gutted. Fortunately, the registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials connected with the chapel, and the communion plate, have been saved unharmed.

On our front page we give an illustration of the building during the conflagration. The church is built of squared stone and boulders, has a small bell-tower and large Tudor windows. It was erected in 1505. It was endowed by Henry VII., and the incumbent to this day receives an annual fee by royal warrant.

On Saturday the authorities of the Duchy of Lancaster received a communication, through the Earl of Clarendon (the Chancellor of the Duchy), to the effect that her Majesty the Queen will be graciously pleased to take upon herself the cost of restoring the ancient fabric. The fabric was insured to the amount of £4,000, a sum which will go far towards its restoration.

The following particulars of the Savoy will doubtless prove highly interesting to our readers:—

It was here that the powerful Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, possessed a palace, the site of which was granted by Henry III. to Peter Earl of Savoy. This palace was bestowed by the Earl on the fraternity of Montjoy, of whom it was purchased by Queen Eleanor for her second son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster. It was magnificently rebuilt by Henry, first Duke of Lancaster. Here was confined John King of France, taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, at Poitiers, in 1356; and thence came to see him the king and queen often times, and made him great feast and cheer; he was released in 1360; but returning to captivity, died in the Savoy, "his ancient prison," in 1364. The demesnes descended to John of Gaunt: here the poet Chaucer was his frequent guest; some of his poems were written in the Savoy; and Chaucer's "Dream" allegorises his own marriage with Philippa, a lady of the duchess's household. But Gaunt, a Wickliffe, had his palace attacked by the Londoners in 1377. In 1381 it was burnt by Wat Tyler's rebels: the costly plate and furniture were destroyed or thrown into the Thames, and the great hall and several houses were blown up. Shakespeare lays a scene of his "Richard III." in a room of the Savoy, which, however, was then in ruins; thus it lay until 1505, when Henry VII. commenced building here an hospital of St. John the Baptist, "to receive and lodge nightly one hundred poor folks;" and the building was completed by Henry VIII. In 1553 the hospital was surrendered to Edward VI., who bestowed it

General News.

bedding and revenues on the newly-erected Bridewell and Christ's Hospital. The Savoy was re-endowed and refurnished by Queen Mary, and maintained by Elizabeth; but the buildings and revenues were shamefully perverted, and it became "a nursery of rogues and masterless men." Here, in 1658, the Independents met, and agreed upon their well-known Declaration of Faith; three years later was held here the "Savoy Conference" for the revision of the Liturgy; and Charles II. established here "the French Church in the Savoy." The Mastership of the Savoy was promised to the poet Cowley by Charles I. and afterwards by Charles II., who, however, gave the office to Dr. Killigrew; upon which Cowley wrote his poem of "The Complaint;" and in the State Poems of the time he is lauded as "Savoy-missing Cowley." In this reign also, during the Dutch war, the sick and wounded were lodged in the Hospital; and great part was dilapidated by fire. On the demolition of the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand, by the Protector Somerset, the Hospital church was allotted to that parish; and it was changed from St. John Baptist's to St. Mary's Church, which has just been destroyed.

Contemporary with the Fleet and May-fair marriages the priest at the Savoy Chapel carried on a light traffic; and in the *Public Advertiser*, Jan. 2, 1754, marriages are advertised, by authority, to be performed here "with the utmost privacy, decency, and regularity;" also, registers from the time of the Reformation were kept here; and "there are five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water." The chapel also possessed the privilege of sanctuary; and in July, 1696, a creditor going into the Savoy to demand a debt of a person who had taken sanctuary there, was seized by the mob, "according to their usual custom" (says the *Postman*, No. 183), and was tarred and feathered, and carried in a wheelbarrow to the Strand, and there bound (set to the Maypole, until rescued by constables. The Hospital was finally dissolved 1702.

Until its demolition, on the erection of Waterloo-bridge in 1816, the Savoy was principally used as barracks for soldiers, and a prison for deserters. Wellington-street and Lancaster-place (cover the entire site of the old Duchy-lease, as well as most of the Hospital.

The first manufactory of flint-glass in England was established in the Savoy House, in 1552.

THE CHURCH CHORAL SOCIETY.

The fifth annual public meeting of the friends and supporters of the Church Choral Society was held at the rooms of Messrs. Colliard and Colliard, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, on Monday, under the presidency of George D. Boulton, Esq., M.P., who was supported by the Hon. H. Walpole, Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, the Rev. S. Bushnell, &c.

The Hon. CHAIRMAN in introducing the business of the meeting explained the objects of the society, as being to assist the choir in London and elsewhere, not only by a general superintendence and inspection at stated intervals, but also the weekly training and tuition of choirs and congregational classes, as well as sending voices from the society's choir for the Sunday services and work-day practices. To carry out these objects an efficient permanent choir was maintained by the society, the services of which were always granted to assist in consecration of churches or their opening, or at the evening of parochial institutions. The society in giving aid did not stipulate for any particular form of service, or seek to alter the character of music in a church, but endeavoured to promote congregational psalmody, taking the musical portion of the services as it found them.

The SECRETARY then read the report of the society's operations during the past year, from which it appeared that upwards of 2,000 visits had been paid to fifty churches in London and elsewhere, and a distance of 14,500 miles traversed. A register had been opened for boys' and leaders' voices, who were first examined in vocal and musical proficiency, and if competent, certified. It was now under consideration to establish a Church Choral Institution.

The report was unanimously adopted.

The Hon. H. WALPOLE moved: "That having regard to the results already accomplished by the Church Choral Society in affording assistance to fifty churches, to the character of the instruction given, as well as the efficiency of the pupils, and the moral influence brought to bear upon them, this meeting is of opinion that the society is deserving of every support."

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

Other resolutions in support of the society having been carried, the usual compliment to the chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

THE recent great debate on the Danish war question, and the vote of censure on the Government, has again brought Mr. Disraeli's name prominently before the public. We shall not, however, enter upon the Danish question here, but simply allude to the sketches here given of the principal mover of the Opposition.

Benjamin Disraeli was born in December, 1805. He first stepped into the political arena in 1826, at the age of twenty-one, as a writer on a new morning paper, the *Representative*, started on high Tory principles by the late Mr. John Murray. The paper only existed about seven months, and was a loss to the proprietor of over £20,000. In 1832 Mr. Disraeli put up for High Wycombe, as an advocate of "vote by ballot, triennial parliaments, and economic reform," but was unsuccessful. In 1833 he offered himself on the same principles for Marylebone, but the expected vacancy did not take place. In 1837, however, he was returned for Maidstone. From 1811 to 1847 he sat for Shrewsbury, and for Buckinghamshire from the latter period to the present time.

We need not follow him through his parliamentary career further than to state that his first essay was a decided failure. His daring assertions and startling paradoxes were coughed down, and his ambitious figures and metaphors received with shouts of laughter. He tried his utmost to make himself heard, and was obliged to sit down, not, however, before he uttered a well-remembered prophecy:—"I have begun many things several times," said he, "and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." That his prophecy has come true our readers are perfectly aware.

On entering the house, Mr. Disraeli's actions are very marked. He comes up the staircase, and marches across the lobby solemnly and slowly, generally alone, and speaking to no one as he passes. On his arrival at the door, he always casts an upward glance at the clock, and, on entering, takes off his hat, walks round to his seat, and glows his hat carefully under the benches. He then sits down, folds his arms across his breast, and keeps immovable in this position, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, until he rises to speak.

He generally, on rising, starts bolt upright, and leans forward with his hands on the table or on the back of the benches, and his eyes cast downward. On beginning, he hesitates and stammers a good deal, but soon warms to his work, and, standing still, more upright, thrusts his hands into his waistcoat pockets and looks towards the house, or, if he feels himself well up, he folds his arms across his breast. Then he hesitates no more, but his words come out in stately flow. Disraeli's sentences are especially remarkable for their excellent English, and for the peculiarly appropriateness of his words, especially of his adjectives. We herewith give a sketch of the honourable member "looking at the clock" on entering; another, of his manner when addressing the house. (See p. 68)

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the £350 stolen on Friday week from the stores of the West Yorkshire Yeomanry Cavalry at Doncaster has been recovered. The robbery, it may be remembered, was effected under somewhat peculiar circumstances. A sum of £400 had been looked up in the stores on the Thursday night, and on Friday morning gold and notes to the amount of £350 were missing, without the slightest trace being left of any violent breakage, either of the stores or the bureau. On the clerk of the stores approaching to open the door the other day he found a slip of paper in the key-hole, upon which was written in a feigned hand a direction "to look in the box in the passage." On the box being searched forty-five £5 notes were found, and a letter, written in the same feigned hand, stating that the thief had managed to slip into the stores and out again without being detected, and that he begged to return the notes he was afraid to change. He also directed where £50 9s. 1d. might be found, in a passage behind two boxes. The money was found in the place indicated. The whole affair remains involved in mystery, as it is evident the thief must have had easy access to the stores, and had "planted" the money for fear of its being discovered in his possession or traced to him.

THE *Dorset Chronicle* announces the death of the last of the celebrated breed of Portland dogs, who were to shipwrecked mariners what the St. Bernard dogs are to storm-lost travellers. Owing to ill-health the breed has fallen into disuse, and the last was killed last week on account of old age.

The foundations of the Albert Memorial in Hyde-park are progressing. We understand that the first stone will be laid without public ceremonial; but that her Majesty is likely to be present at some stage of the progress, a little later on.

A LETTER from Chamounix, in Switzerland, states that another discovery of human remains has just been made on the Glacier des Boissons. One of the guides, named Frederick Balmat, was passing near the crevasse from which a body was recently recovered, when he observed a small piece of black silk stuff protruding from the ice. This proved to be the extremity of a cravat around the neck of a corpse. The guide with an axe extricated the body, which was removed to Chamounix for interment. This is supposed to be the last of the three unfortunate victims lost in 1820, the remains of the others having been previously recovered.

A STRANGE accident has occurred in a travelling menagerie at Schwerin (Mecklenburg) from the escape of a leopard into the arena during the performance. Screams of terror arose, and the animal, apparently frightened at the uproar which it occasioned, took refuge in the elephant's cage, the door of which was by chance open. Some fears for a moment prevailed that the two occupants would not agree, but they remained quietly watching each other until the fugitive was reinstated in his own lodging.

THE Rev. Edwin Jones Brewster, M.A., has, upon his own petition as patron, been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to the vicarage of Ampney Crucis, near Gloucester, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Edward Andrew Danby.

IT appears from a parliamentary return that between the years 1859 and 1863 inclusive, 154 non-commissioned officers and men of her Majesty's land forces have been drowned at military stations in the United Kingdom. Plymouth has been more fatal in this respect than any other place.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT PRECY DOUGLAS, Bart, has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.—*Observer*.

MR. JOSEPH F. SCOVILLE, the well-known correspondent "Manhattan" of the *London Standard* and *Herald*, died suddenly, in New York, on the morning of the 25th of June. He had been summoned recently by General Dix, to answer for some of his statements in those journals, and received a warning. He was in the 56th year of his age.

ON Saturday the particulars were received at Lloyd's of a fearful explosion on board a ship called the *Eduardo*, which was loading petroleum oil at Baltimore for Liverpool. It appears that she had nearly shipped her whole cargo, upwards of 1,300 barrels, when an explosion took place amongst the lower tier of casks. Everything on deck was blown high into the air. Two of the crew were blown overboard, and several of the stevedores who were engaged in loading the cargo were much burnt. The ship was soon in one mass of flames, and the conflagration was only checked by the ship being scuttled. As may be conceived, the occurrence created quite a panic amongst the shipping in the river. It is stated that the cargo was insured at Baltimore.

THE Earl of Derby is recovering from his severe attack of gout, and the noble earl is regaining his strength slowly. The last medical report received was favourable, but it is doubtful if his lordship will be able to resume his duties in the House of Lords during the present session.

A HANDSOME Jewish synagogue has been erected at Melbourne, in Australia. There are 1,000 Jews in that city.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

WE are sadly in want of rain. We have scarcely had a shower for the past two weeks in the immediate neighbourhood of London, hence all kind of vegetation is more or less parched up by the heat of the sun. Showers are much required to assist the important work of transplanting, which should now, if the weather permitted, be carried on with the utmost vigour. Should a few showers put in their welcome appearance, take every advantage of them, and refer again to our list for additional

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Water and mulch the shoots of tomatoes; stop them above a cluster of fruit, and keep them closely nailed to the wall or fence, to ripen the fruit. Gather herbs for drying before their flowers open, and spread them out thinly in the shade, in order that they may dry quickly. Pull up the suckers between the main stools of horseradish. Sow additional parsley, if not already done, and gather seed as it ripens, as the best may be lost. Thin and transplant lettuce, and keep well watered. Sow radishes for a succession crop. Cabbage, Brussels sprouts, kale, cauliflower, and winter greens as directed in our last. In planting out Savoy, let them have plenty of room in an open situation, say from two feet to two feet and a half apart, in order that they may form full cabbage heads of large growth.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Prick out the seedlings of biennials and perennials into nursery beds, a few inches apart, to grow stocky before their final planting in September. Proceed with the layering of carnations and pinks as soon as possible, to get the plants well rooted and established before placing them in their winter quarters. Prune and clip evergreens where required. Take up each root of ranunculuses as the leaves turn yellow. Make fresh plantations of the Russian violet.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Out-door grapes should receive every attention in stopping and training of shoots for the admission of sun and air. When the least speck of mildew appears on the fruit, apply milk of sulphur. Prepare the borders for new plantations of strawberries.

True uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine excellence with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—*Advertisement.*

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

THE vote of censure on the Ministry having been rejected by a majority of eighteen, the following reply was made by the Queen to the House of Commons. Lord Proby, who, as Controller of her Majesty's Household, appeared at the bar with his wand of office, said: I am the bearer of an answer from her Majesty to the Address of this house on the subject of Denmark. The noble lord then read as follows:—"I have received your Address thanking me for directing the correspondence on Denmark and Germany and the protocols of the Conference recently held in London to be laid before parliament. I share your deep concern that the sittings of the Conference have been brought to a close without accomplishing the important purposes for which it was convened. I am happy to be assured of your satisfaction at the course I have felt it my duty to take in this conjuncture in not engaging in armed interference in the war now going on between Denmark and the German Powers."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

At a little after three o'clock on Monday it began to be rumoured that the Prince of Wales was about to repeat the honour he did the association last year by coming down and firing the first shot. There were very few people on the ground, for the council had wisely said nothing about the intended royal visit until the last moment, that his royal highness might not be incommoded by a throng. But somehow, when the Prince did arrive from London, on horseback, at five o'clock, attended by Earl Spencer and Captain Grey, there were nearly a hundred persons ready to accompany him wherever he might go. His royal highness was received by the members of the council, and conducted to the cottage by the mill, around which are grouped the tents of the head-quarters' staff. After remaining a few minutes in the cottage, where refreshments were served, his royal highness re-appeared, now accompanied by Lady Elcho, and proceeded to the running deer range, where Mr. Smith, the excellent armorer to the association, was waiting with the double rifle, which he had made last year for the Prince's use, and where Mr. Steward and Mr. Ross, of Hilborn, had several of those admirable telescopes which define a bullet-mark, or a black splash the size of a shilling, at the largest ranges. The range is only 120 yards; but the sun was shining directly in the eyes of those at the firing point, and was just low enough to place the running deer in a deep shadow thrown by the embankment behind it. A more unfavourable time could hardly have been chosen; but there was no help for it. The Master of Lovat, a deer-stalker of renown, encouragingly opened the ball with a miss, followed by a second. It will hardly be reckoned a wonder that after this the Prince should miss four times in succession. Earl Dudge followed with two most successful imitations of his royal highness, and it began to be doubted whether anybody would hit the deer at all. But the Master of Lovat, in the next shot, improved upon this state of matters. He actually made a haunch, and in consequence got fined a shilling for spoiling the venison. He followed with a miss from his second barrel just under the deer. The Prince and Earl Spencer then both missed under the deer, but in a good line; and his royal highness's two succeeding shots were again misses, one just below, the other just above the shoulder. The dismal sequence of failures was not yet exhausted. Lord Spencer missed again, and the Prince missed twice, both times low; once again just behind, and yet another time low, in a good line; his shooting being altogether in marked contrast to that of last year, when he made some capital hits. Earl Grosvenor now made a hit high on the back; and Lord Elcho first a miss just over, and then a haunch, an example which Lord Spencer imitated. It was, it must be confessed, rather slow work, but it was not too late; for the Prince, taking his rifle from Mr. Smith, who loaded for him, made a good hit on the shoulder, and with the second barrel a veritable bull's-eye, when the firing was wisely stopped, his royal highness having, as last year, done better than anybody else, but not with such credit to himself as a shot.

The Prince next walked to the refreshment tent, where he inspected Mr. Jenson's arrangements. The club tent was visited, and then the Prince went to the tramway, a novelty for which volunteers and visitors are, we believe, indebted to Captain Milmay, the ever courteous and ever thoughtful secretary. This tramway, which is laid at the rear of all the firing points, except those belonging to the very long ranges, is furnished with a comfortable car, drawn by one of the Military Train horses. Inviting Lady Elcho to a seat, his royal highness took a place on the car, which was immediately filled, and started in the direction of Wimbledon village, whence it was brought back in a few minutes. The royal party then mounted their horses and rode over to the volunteer camp, which was inspected by his royal highness, who, after looking at the new north ranges, left at a quarter-past six o'clock, for town.

So was inaugurated another meeting on Wimbledon-common of the National Rifle Association, and there is every reason to believe that it will be by far the most successful in every respect that has yet been held.

We are authorized to state that no applications from volunteer corps for permission to attend the review at Wimbledon, on Saturday, the 23rd instant, will be entertained, unless received at the War-office on or before Wednesday, the 20th inst.

RECRUITING SCENES.—No. 1. SCENE IN THE "HAMPSHIRE HOG," WESTMINSTER.

THE life of a soldier seems one of all gaiety, if we take our observations from the scenes which daily present themselves in the environs of King-street and Charles-street, Westminster. No sooner do we pass the tall Life Guardsmen on their black horses at the portals of the Horse Guards than we come upon recruiting sergeants almost as plentiful as blackberries in season, smart "Light Bobs," trim linesmen, dusky riflemen, swaggering Scots' Greys, dragon guards, carabineers, chattering hussars, dashing lancers, dandified light dragoons, and slim-waisted horse artillerymen. Bravely flaunt the ribbons from shakoes, helmets, and "busbies," as they march up and down on the look-out for "smart young men for her Majesty's service." The placards look tempting to the countryman when he reads of the Queen's munificent "bounty," and the rapid promotion which awaits "the young recruit."

The gaping countryman is soon nailed. "What'll you take to drink, comrade?" "You're a smart chap for the lassies or hussars," as the case may be. "Sare to get on—some, take a drain for the honour and glory of the army." The temptation is too strong. "The young man from the country" is soon introduced to the bar of the "Hampshire Hog" in Charles-street. Here may be found almost every uniform in her Majesty's service. There is an incessant talking of glory, promotion, bounty, ram, sung quarters, pretty girls, &c., but nothing about the interminable drill, or the riding school, or the fate of the deserter.

The aspirant for military fame is soon further introduced to the mysteries of the "Hampshire Hog." There, amidst clouds of smoke and pots of beer, he finds a rattling noisy throng of red and blue coats, decorated with gilded lace and medals. These said blue and red coats are doing a reel, jig, or a Nigger break-down, to the shrill squeak of a mendicant flute-player. Others are singing, laughing, and smoking. And here, for the present, we will leave the raw recruit in the height of his admiration, as shown in our characteristic sketch on page 68.



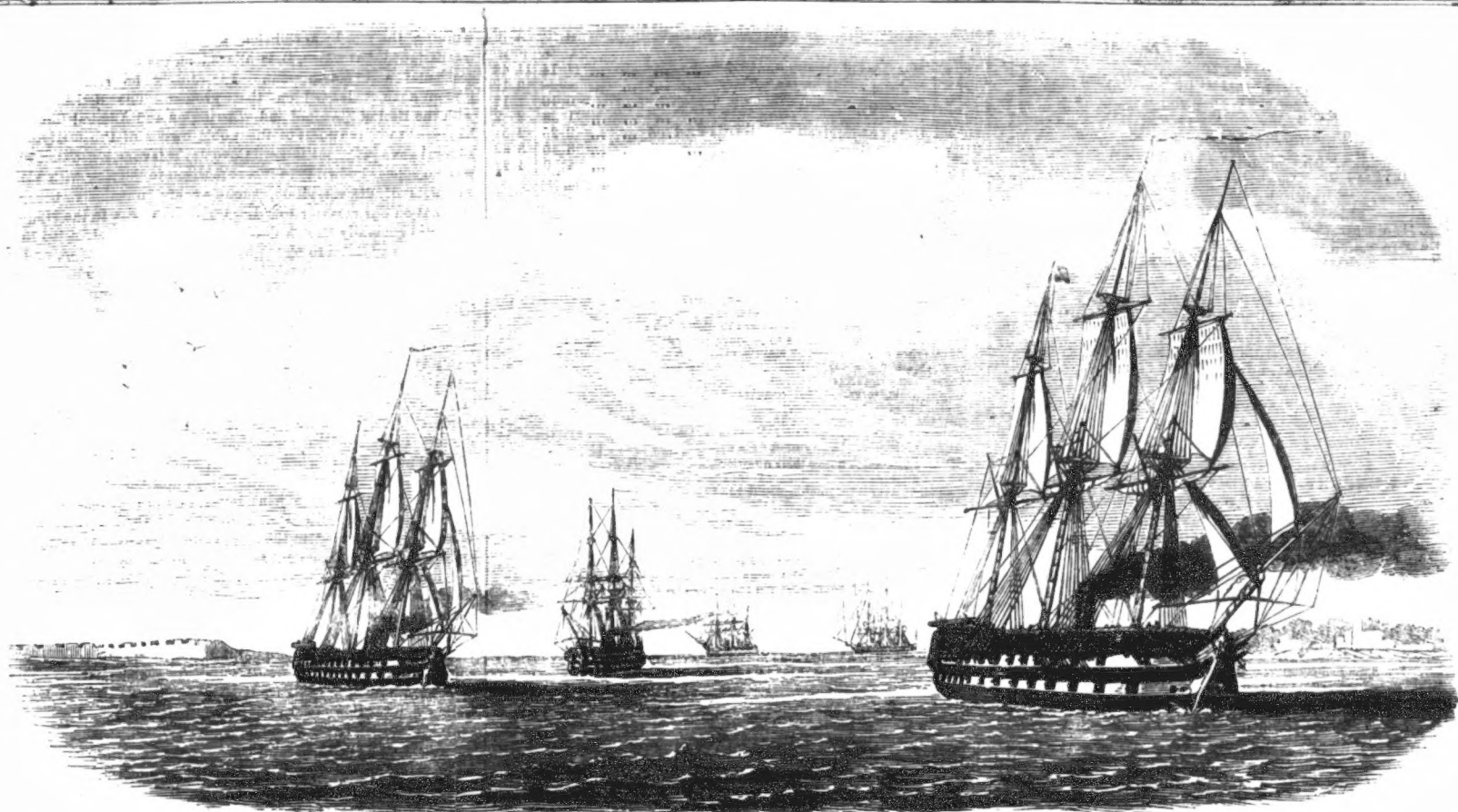
THE HON. B. DISRAELI ENTERING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



DISRAELI ADDRESSING THE HOUSE ON THE GREAT DEBATE. (See page 67.)



RECRUITING SCENES No. 1.—INTERIOR OF A DEPOT AT WESTMINSTER. (See page 67.)



THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE BALTIC. (See page 66.)

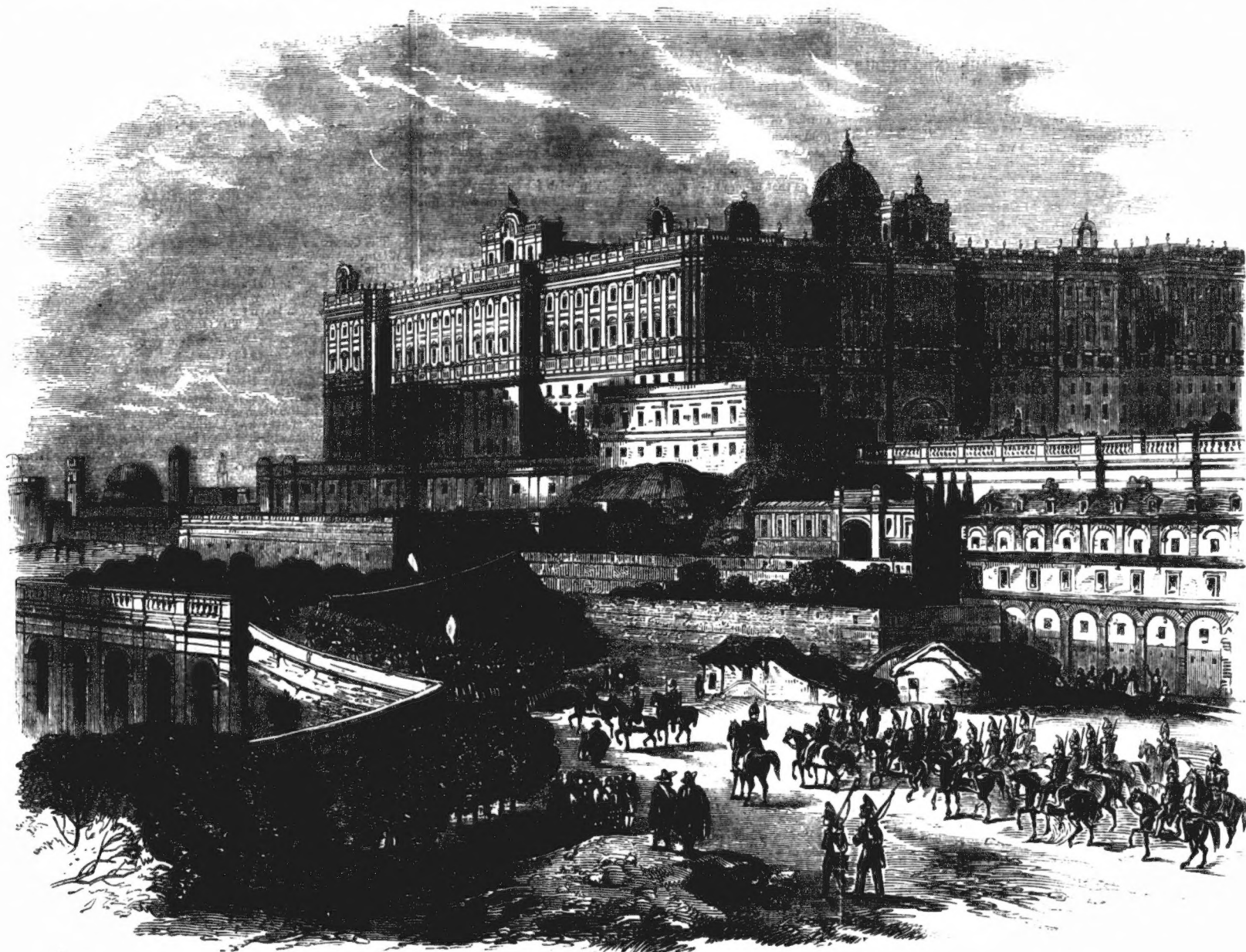
THE QUEEN'S PALACE AT MADRID.

THE magnificent building which forms the illustration given below, is the most conspicuous ornament of the city of Madrid, the capital of Spain. It occupies, with its gardens, a space of nearly eighty acres, on the east bank of the river. The Palace stands on the site of the old Alcazar of Philip II, burnt down in 1734, and

has four fronts of white stone (each 470 feet in length, and 100 feet high), enclosing a spacious quadrangle. The interior is fitted up in a style of costly magnificence, perhaps not surpassed in any palace in Europe. The ceilings are *chef-d'œuvre* of Menges, Velasquez, Corrado, and Tiepolo; the richest marbles of Spain adorn its walls, and the rooms are hung with paintings by the best masters, and noble mirrors. Its armoury is especially curious, and presents

numerous specimens of arms and accoutrements taken from the Moors by Ferdinand the Catholic, and his victorious generals.

THE interest attached to the Danish struggle has taken to the Danish head-quarters at Funen shoals of English tourists—officers of the Indian army, cadets from Sandhurst, &c.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S PALACE AT MADRID.

HORRIBLE AND ATROCIOUS MURDER IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE OF A TRAIN ON THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

ONE of the most atrocious crimes that probably ever disgraced this country was perpetrated late on Saturday evening, in a first-class carriage of a passenger train on the North London Railway, when a gentleman, Mr. Thomas Briggs, connected with the banking establishment of Messrs. Roberts, Curtis, and Co., of Lombard-street, was murdered, assailed, plundered, and thrown out of the train. He died on Sunday night, at about a quarter to twelve o'clock.

The unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Briggs, was upwards of sixty years of age. He was a fine, tall, hale man, and resided at No. 5, Clapton-square, near Hackney Church. He held the office of chief clerk in the above bank, and was most highly respected and esteemed by a very large circle of friends. On Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, he left the bank for the day, and proceeded to his niece's residence in Nelson-square, Peckham, where he dined. There he remained until half-past eight o'clock, and was seen into an omnibus in the Old Kent-road by the husband of his niece, a Mr. Buckham, and he then appeared in his usual good health and spirits. Before parting with his relative he intimated that he should proceed to the City, and then take the train from Fenchurch-street Station for Hackney. He was almost a daily traveller on the line, and was well known by the railway servants.

On the arrival at Hackney of the 9.45 train from Fenchurch-street Station, which was several minutes late in leaving town, a gentleman called the attention of Haines, the guard, to the state of a compartment of a first-class carriage, No. 69, in the train. He had opened the door at Hackney, with the intention of getting in, and had placed his hand on one of the cushions which he found to be covered with blood. The guard, on looking in, found such to be the fact. Not only were the cushions, but the floor, sides, and window were besmeared with blood; in some places there was quite a pool. He also found inside the carriage a hat, a walking-stick, and a small leather bag. The guard at once took charge of the articles and locked the door. Some ladies who were in the adjoining compartment here called the notice of the guard to the circumstance that some blood had been spurted through the carriage-window on to their dresses as the train came from Bow. The guard at once telegraphed the discovery to Mr. Keble, the station-master at Bow, and at that time an impression was entertained that some one had committed suicide and thrown himself out of the window of the carriage on to the line.

Almost about the same period the above discovery was made, the driver and stoker of an engine which had been working the Hackney-wick and Stratford traffic were returning from the Wick Station to the Bow Locomotive Works of the North London Railway. As they were approaching the railway bridge over Duckett's Canal, by the side of the Mitford Castle Tavern, which fronts the Tower Hamlets Volunteer Parade Ground in the Victoria-park, they saw something lying on the six feet way—the space between the up and down line. At first the driver, Eakins, thought it was a dog, but his mate, the stoker, judged it to be a human being. The engine had passed the object, but stopped near where the railway passes over the main drainage works. The stoker, Brencley, got down and went back along the line with a lamp, and on coming up to the spot discovered it to be the body of a gentleman saturated in blood and apparently dead. The stoker instantly hailed the driver, and ran down the embankment into the Mitford Castle public-house, belonging to Mr. White. Several persons in the house, with the landlord, at once returned with the stoker up to the line, and steps were immediately taken to remove the unfortunate gentleman to the adjacent tavern; but in doing so the men who were assisting in the melancholy task nearly lost their lives by a passing down train. When got to the tavern and laid on a couch, suspicious of foul play were at once aroused, for his head seemed to have been battered in by some sharp instrument. His clothes were covered with blood, and the broken link or hoop of a watch chain hanging to a button-hole of his vest. No watch or the other part of the chain being found, at once led to a supposition that he had been plundered. The landlord immediately gave information to the police, and sent for medical assistance. Mr. Briston, surgeon, of Old Ford, soon arrived, and was followed by Mr. H. Garman, surgeon, of Fairfield-road, Bow, and Mr. Cooper, of Coborn-road. These at once examined the wounded gentleman. He was in a perfect state of collapse—quite insensible. On the left side of the head, just over the ear, which is torn away, was found a deep wound; the skull was fractured and the bone driven in. On the base of the skull there were four or five lacerated wounds. There were more blows on other parts of the head, and the medical gentlemen expressed their surprise that the unfortunate sufferer should be alive, the wound over the left ear being alone sufficient to cause death. Stimulants were applied, with a view of restoring consciousness, but to no purpose. On the arrival of Mr. Inspector Kerressey, of the K division of police, from Bow station, measures were at once taken to ascertain whether the sufferer had any papers which would lead to his identity. In his breast coat-pocket were found a bundle of letters, addressed "T. Briggs, Esq., Messrs. Roberts, Curtis, and Co., Lombard-street," upon which a messenger was immediately despatched to the bank in the City, to learn where the gentleman named in the address lived. In his trouser-pocket was found £4 10s in gold and silver, and a silver snuff-box in his coat-pocket. The messenger, on reaching the bank in Lombard-street, found that the description given of Mr. Briggs answered that of the gentleman found on the railway; and, communicating the fact to Mr. Inspector Kerressey, he at once despatched an officer to the address given by the people at the bank, No. 5, Clapton-square, Hackney, who broke the melancholy intelligence to the son of the unfortunate gentleman. Owing to Mr. Briggs being an invalid, and in a very delicate state of health, the fact of her husband having met such a fearful fate was withheld from her. Mr. Briggs, jun., with some other members of the family, and Mr. Toulmin, the family doctor, proceeded to the Mitford Castle Tavern, and at once put an end to all doubt as to who the unfortunate sufferer was. It was a very painful scene; only once, it is thought, did the unfortunate gentleman show any sign of sensibility. An old female domestic called him by name, and a slight trembling movement of his frame, and a gurgling groan, seemed to indicate that he knew the voice, but it was only a momentary action. The landlord of the tavern made every arrangement he could for the sufferer; but on the news of the outrage spreading the house was besieged by a large and eager crowd, and it was deemed necessary to remove him to his residence. Mr. Toulmin, Mr. Garman, and the other medical gentlemen remained in attendance nearly the whole night, and in the course of the morning the sufferer was removed in a litter from the tavern to Clapton-square.

Through Mr. Briggs, jun., the police ascertained that when his father left home that Saturday morning he wore a gold watch with an Albert chain. On examining the waistcoat it was seen that a watch had been torn from the waistcoat pocket, and the chain had been broken short off the link or hook, which still held to the waistcoat pocket. Subsequently Mr. Briggs, jun., identified the stick and bag, which were found in the compartment as those belonging to his father. The hat was not his. It must therefore have been that of his murderer, who probably took Mr. Briggs's hat in exchange for his own.

On the train reaching Camden-town Station that night, the railway officials directed it immediately to be brought back to Bow, and the carriage in question was at once uncoupled, and placed in a shed which was secured. The carriage had three first-class compartments. On opening the door of the compartment, the

interior, as before stated, was found in all directions to be besmeared with blood, with clotted pools on the cushions and on the floor. There was ample evidence of a deadly struggle having taken place. The unfortunate man, it will be remembered, was found in the six-foot way. On inspecting the outside of the carriage, which would be the off-side of a train going to Camden-town, the body of the carriage was seen to be besmeared with blood, as if it had been spurted on as the train flew by. The window was down, and on the brass handles were marks of a bloody hand, leading to a belief that the door had been opened to throw the unfortunate gentleman out on to the line, and then closed. On the step beneath the door were found a portion of the hair guard attached to the missing gold glasses, and on the floor of the compartment was discovered one of the broken links of the watch chain. Allusion has already been made to some ladies complaining to the guard at the Hackney Station that some blood had been spurted through the open window of their compartment when the train was passing near Victoria-park. The medical gentlemen account for this by suggesting that in the struggle when he was forced out of the door of the carriage one of the arteries in the wound on the side of the head burst from the frightful exertion, and so would spurt in the manner the ladies described.

It is certain that Mr. Briggs must have been lying on the line at least twenty minutes before he was discovered. The train which he was in left Bow at two minutes past ten, and in another two or three minutes the deed must have been perpetrated, for the train was due at the next station, Hackney-wick, five minutes after leaving Bow. An up train passed the spot about ten minutes afterwards, and saw nothing, but it was evident that it must have escaped their notice. The spot where Mr. Briggs was thrown out of the train is singular to say, about the same place where a similar outrage was committed four or five years ago, but not with such a deplorable result, when the thief jumped out of the carriage and endeavoured to escape through the marshes; but was captured and transported for life. It would almost seem that the murderous assassin's object, after the attack on Mr. Briggs, was to throw him into the canal. He was found on the bridge, and it is conjectured that the villain or villains made a mistake in the door and threw the unfortunate gentleman on the permanent way instead of over the bridge.

Government has offered a reward of £200 for the apprehension of the murderer. Inspector Kerressey and Sergeant Lambert of the K division have at last succeeded in obtaining a correct description of the watch stolen from the murdered man. It is a gold lever, of old-fashioned manufacture, and bears the name of the maker, "S. W. Archer, Hackney, No. 1,487," the case being numbered 2974. The hat found in the carriage bears the maker's name, "T. H. Walker, Crawford-street, Marylebone," but, beyond being spotted with blood, it has no marks upon it which could give any clue to its owner.

SHOCKING AND SINGULAR DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN FROM CHLOROFORM.

DR. LANCASTER, coroner for Central Middlesex, recently held an inquest at the Middlesex Hospital, on the body of Mr. Herbert Daxell, aged twenty-one, paper manufacturer, of Thame, Oxfordshire, who died under an operation with the administration of chloroform, in that institution, under very distressing circumstances.

Mr. Samuel H. Dalzell said he resided at Halifax. The deceased was his brother. He had been some years suffering from a tumour in the face, affecting the nasal organs, and had been long desirous of undergoing an operation for its removal, and came to town about a fortnight ago for that purpose. He received a letter from him stating he was in that hospital preparing for the operation, which he desired, and that he had every confidence in the surgeon who was to perform it.

The coroner said this proved that the operation was performed with the deceased's own consent.

Mr. Fred. H. Watts said he was resident surgeon of the hospital to which deceased was admitted on the 24th June, to undergo an operation for a tumour in the face. The operation was performed by Mr. Moore, operator to the hospital, and witness assisted and administered the chloroform by means of a towel instead of an inhaler, as the nostrils were blocked up, or nearly so, by the tumour. After about nine minutes there was a profuse bleeding, and respiration became very low. Artificial respiration was resorted to by the Sylvester method, and for a time succeeded: after twenty-three minutes respiration had ceased entirely. Had made a post-mortem examination, and found the brain healthy, the chest and lungs were much gorged with blood in patches, but there was fluid blood on both sides of the heart, which was healthy. The liver as well as kidneys gave out evidence of death from suffocation.

By the coroner: Had no doubt that death had resulted from apnoea. Deceased had only one passage to breathe through. He believed he would not have died from the chloroform without the hemorrhage, or from the hemorrhage singly, without the chloroform.

After some further evidence, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died of apnoea, from the effects of chloroform and loss of blood, and that the said death was a misadventure."

BLOOD POISONING FROM UNWHOLE SOME FOOD.—Mr. Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry at the Hare Tavern, Hare-street, Bethnal-green, touching the death of Maryann Sutton, aged seven years, who lost her life by eating improper food. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was the daughter of a dock labourer living in George-street, Bethnal-green, and some cooked soles and skate was bought at the shop of a Mr. John Sutton, residing in the same street. The deceased ate of the sole, and became ill during the night. Dr. Gayton said he was called in and found the child violently vomiting and purging. Death resulted the same day from blood poisoning from eating unwholesome fish. The child was seized with illness within an hour after partaking of it. B. Childs, 17, George-street, a dock labourer, said that on the evening that the fish was bought by James Sutton, the father of the deceased, he bought seven pieces for 3s. from the fish-monger. One piece was black at the bone, and witness threw it away as it was not fit for food. John Sutton, 41, Spicer-street, George-street, said that he was a fish dealer. When fish opened at the bone red it was not good—when black it was far worse. Witness often bought a basket of skate and maida (a kind of skate) at 2s. a hundredweight. Soles were 13s. a hundredweight. The witness complained bitterly that the relatives of the deceased had injured his business by calling out to his customers, "That's the man that poisoned the child by his rotten fish." The fish, he said, was fresh. It was stated that the cheap fish purchased by the fish-monger was fried in batter and oil, and was in that manner so covered over that it would be a difficult task to discover either the description or the state of freshness or putrefaction of the fish. Large numbers of the poor in the district almost live, it is said, on fish thus prepared. The jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased child lost her life by blood poisoning, consequent on eating unwholesome food."

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospective free. Whight and Mann, 143, Brompton Road, Manchester, Ipswich. (Advertisement.)

ROBINSON'S TIA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and becomes to use. These advantages have secured for this TIA a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,360 Agents. (Advertisement.)

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and economical. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospective free on application at 185, Regent-street. (Advertisement.)

THE PERILS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

At the Aldershot Petty Sessions on Monday, before Captain Newcome and a full bench of magistrates, Henry Naah, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance, described as a yeoman, residing at Hawley, near Farnborough, surrendered to his bail on a charge of having indecently assaulted a young woman named Moody in a railway carriage, while travelling between Surbiton and Woking on the previous Wednesday. The complainant, who is twenty years of age, was in attendance, with her father, who is curator of the Wichester Museum, and with whom she resides. She bears the appearance of being a respectable and intelligent young woman, and seemed somewhat agitated from the peculiar position in which she was placed. The court was densely crowded.

Mr. T. Bent, superintendent of police at Waterloo Station, appeared to prosecute on behalf of the South Western Railway Company; and Mr. R. Eve, solicitor, of Aldershot, defended the prisoner.

The particulars of the case, as detailed by Mr. Bent, were as follows:—On Wednesday complainant took her seat in a second-class carriage at Waterloo Station, and shortly afterwards the prisoner entered the compartment. They were then quite alone, but prior to the departure of the train, at 1.10 p.m., another female passenger entered, and sat near the complainant. The prisoner attempted to force a conversation on the complainant, asking her how old she was, why she wore spectacles, and several other questions, which she did not answer. This occurred before the other woman entered the railway carriage, and her presence caused the prisoner to desist for a time from putting any further questions. The complainant then felt safe, and the three rode down to Surbiton, where the other female passenger alighted, leaving Miss Moody alone with the prisoner. Almost immediately on the train leaving this station, and before it had got fairly in motion, the prisoner laid herself on the seat opposite to that on which the complainant was sitting, and in a very insulting manner repeated the questions he had previously put to her, which she again declined to answer. In order to avoid the prisoner's annoyance, Miss Moody got up and looked out of the window, but she had scarcely risen from her seat when she felt a hand laid on her shoulder and drawn down to her waist. Almost immediately afterwards she felt that her clothes were being lifted up in front, and with a view to prevent this and any other molestation, she opened the door of the compartment and got outside, standing on the step of the carriage, the train at the time going at a rapid pace. The complainant had no further recollection of anything that occurred until she found herself in the hands of the guard, and a Mr. Stokes, another passenger, the train being then at a standstill between Esher and Woking. It was then discovered that the complainant had for some time been in a state of unconsciousness, and that she had been held in a most perilous position during that time by Mr. Stokes, a military bootmaker, of London and Aldershot, who was riding in an adjoining compartment, and whose notice was called to the complainant by a boy who had observed her hanging by the handle of the door. Mr. Stokes bravely exerted himself to rescue her from this dangerous position, and had no sooner succeeded in drawing her to the door of his own compartment than she swooned on his arm, which was fortunately at that time round her waist. In this situation the complainant was held for a distance, it is supposed, of about five miles, when the attention of the guard having been attracted to the circumstance by a number of labourers who were at work in the adjacent fields, the train was stopped, and the complainant safely placed in a carriage. On arriving at the next station (Woking), Mr. Stokes insisted on the prisoner being taken into custody. This was accordingly done, but he was subsequently liberated on bail. Mr. Bent expressed a doubt as to whether the case could be dealt with by the Hampshire magistrates, as the offence was committed in the county of Surrey, before the arrival of the train at Woking Station.

Mr. Brooke, the magistrates' clerk, said the bench had no jurisdiction.

The case was dismissed, and the prisoner, who was apparently unconcerned during the proceedings, left the court with his friends.

Mr. Bent intimated his intention to take further proceedings in the matter, and the case will be resumed at an early period in a Surrey court.

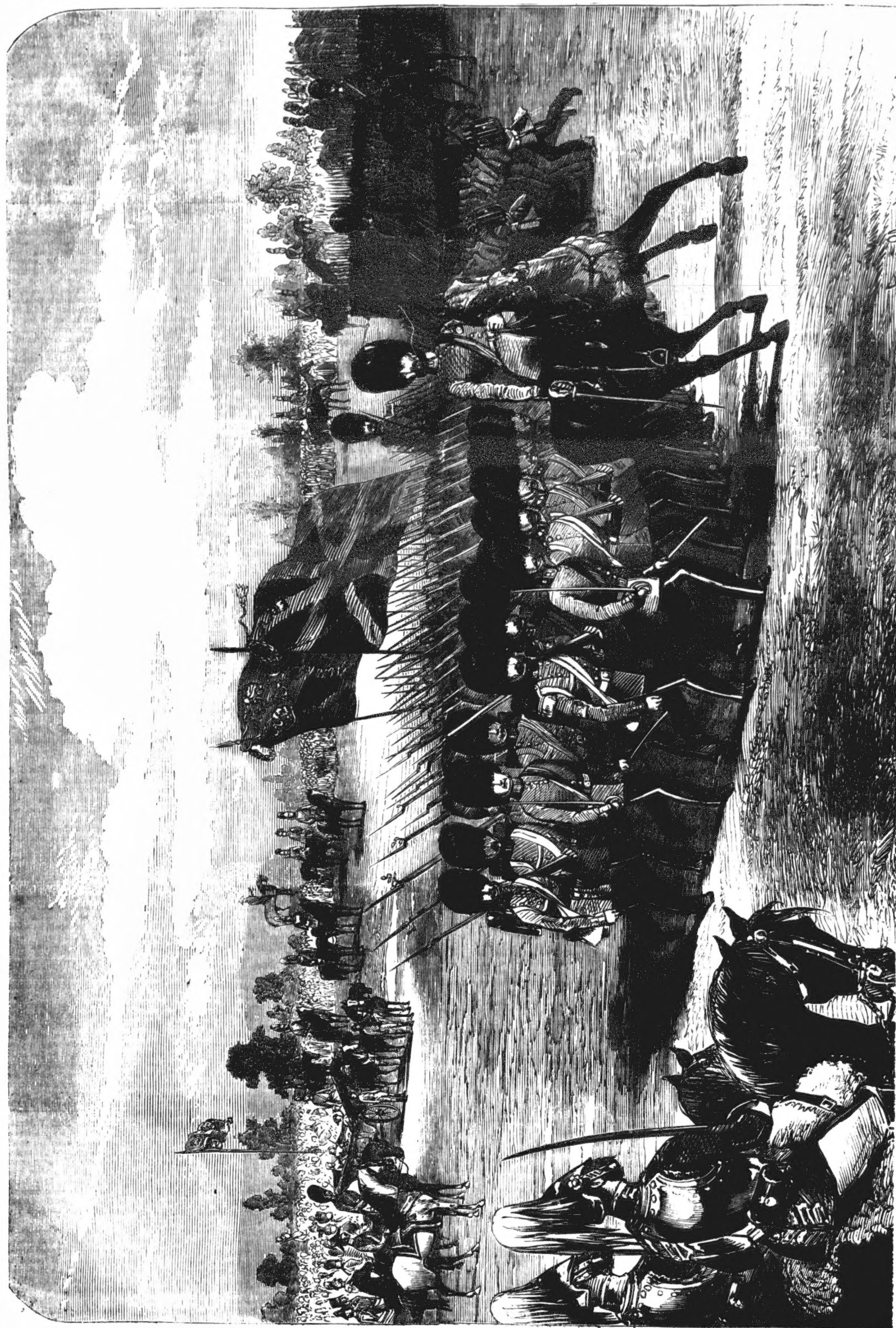
GENERAL GRANT IN BATTLE.—A correspondent of the *New York Times* writes:—"I was near General Grant during that terrible Friday (June 3) in the Wilderness. To all outward appearance he was cool, calm, and unoccupied. The skin is so drawn over his forehead that wrinkles there don't show when he is perplexed, and his beard so hides his mouth that no nervousness there betrays his thought. So he sat and whittled, cutting away at his stick with leisurely, measured, meditative strokes much of the time, but turning his knife and cutting at the end nearest himself with short, clipping strokes whenever word came of important change in the chances of the battle. Thus he fought the great contest with knife and stick, and," adds the writer, giving the reins to his fancy, "when the stick was gone the enemy was beaten."

AN AUSTRALIAN SPIDER.—A new spider has been discovered at the Ararat. It is about half the size of the common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with alternate stripes of very dark green and grey. The back is furnished with a kind of shell, to which there are fifty entrances, from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside. (Australian Paper.)

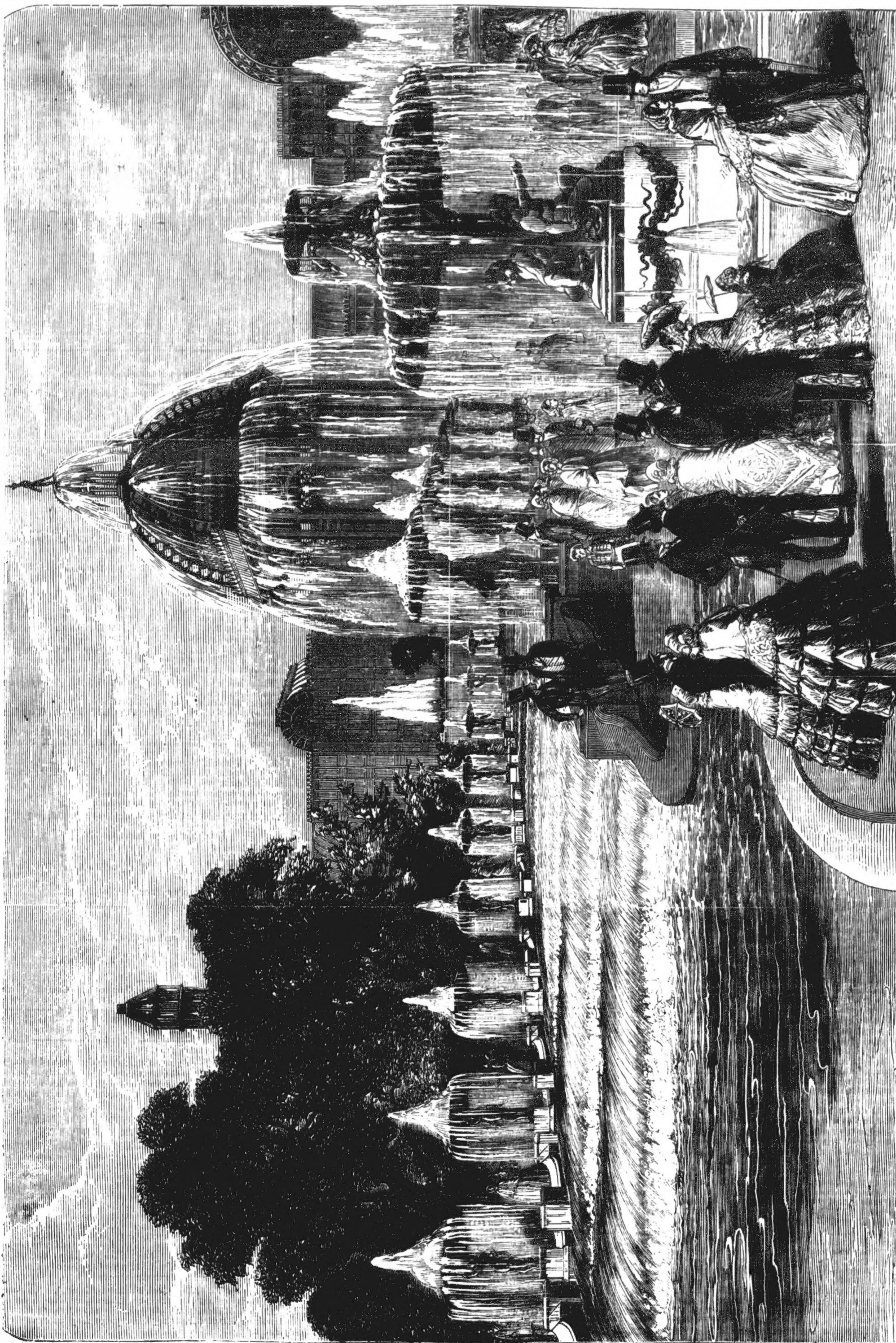
THE ODD FELLOWS.—The annual fete of the A. Order of Odd Fellows (London Unity), in aid of the widows and orphans fund, took place on Monday at the Crystal Palace. In order to prevent delay and inconvenience by overcrowding, the lodges belonging to the eastern and southern districts went by special train from London-bridge Station, and those held in the north and west districts proceeded from Victoria Station. Notwithstanding the arrangements, which were excellent, the number of persons to be conveyed was so great that it was noon before the station yards were cleared. After dinner a procession was formed by the members in full costume, who marched through the grounds, preceded by the band of the Guards. Games of every description were provided, and the company amused themselves in dancing upon the grass until evening, when the Order and the friends of the members returned by train to London. Admissions on payment, 11,838; ditto by season tickets, 1,367; total visitors, 13,205.

A MAMMOTH REGIMENT.—The Sixteenth New York Volunteer Artillery, commanded by Colonel J. J. Morrison, head-quarters at Yorktown, Virginia, is the largest regiment ever recruited in the United States, and has men in the following places:—At Yorktown, 1,140; at Williamsburg, 735; at Gloucester Point, 147; at Bermuda Hundred, 270; putting up telegraph, 50; with 148th New York Volunteers, 46; with 1st New York Mounted Rifles, 272—transferred; with 85th New York Volunteers, 45; with light batteries United States Artillery, 22; with army of the Potomac, 201—transferred; making a total of 2,928 men and 53 officers.—*New York Times*.

BISHOP POLK.—General Polk was killed in battle in Georgia, on the 14th ult. He graduated at West Point in 1827, but Bishop McIlvaine, who was then chaplain at that place, persuaded him to enter the Church, and he afterwards became Bishop of Louisiana. He inherited a good estate, with many slaves, and his ideas were intensely Southern. When the present war broke out he entered the Confederate army, and was made a brigadier-general, but was more appreciated for his ecclesiastical influence than his military talents. He never resigned his bishopric, probably intending at the close of the war to resume his spiritual functions.



GRAND REVIEW IN HYDE PARK BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. (See page 74.)



THE WATER TEMPLES AND CASCADES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM. (See page 74.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—M. Gounod's new opera of "Mirella," briefly noticed in our last, has been repeated again this week with increased success. The following is a slight sketch of the plot. Mirella is daughter to a wealthy farmer, Batimondo, who is on the look-out for a suitable match for her, and has cast his eye on a stout "toucher of bulls," Uria, who is no way disinclined to the marriage. Mirella, however, loves and is beloved by a young basket-maker, Vincenzo, and rejects with disdain the suitor "bull-toucher," which irritates her father and makes him vent threats and imprecations on her head. This so terrifies Mirella that, when she learns her lover is dying from the effects of a blow administered by the jealous "bull-toucher," she flies from her home and hastens across the desert to the Church of St. Mary, to entreat heaven by her prayers to restore him. On her way she receives a sun-stroke, and is barely enabled to crawl to the church, where she meets her recovered sweetheart and dies in his arms,—or should die in his arms, but the Arcadian version wills that the sun-stroke should pass off, and the lovers and the audience be made happy. The opening act is a pastoral, with the young girls gathering mulberry leaves, and the sentimental protestations of the lovers. The appearance of the reputed witch Tavens, indeed, lends the scene variety; but she is a witch of the good school, and the harmonious elements are undisturbed. The second act involves the demand of the hand of Mirella from her father by the peasant Ambroio for his son Vincenzo, the stern refusal of the father, the solemn declaration of Mirella that she will wed none but Vincenzo, the fury of the father, his imprecations on Mirella, the general consternation and furious grand finale. In the third act the "bull-toucher," infuriated with jealousy, watches for Vincenzo in a valley, inflicts him, knocks him down with his three-pronged goader, and leaves him for dead. This scene, given the first night at Her Majesty's Theatre, is now omitted. The scene changes to the courtyard of Batimondo's farm, and the harvest feast is celebrated in chorus. When the reapers go out, Vincenzo, sister of Vincenzo, comes in and informs Mirella that her brother, smote by the furious "bull-toucher," lies dangerously ill. Mirella vows a pilgrimage to the Church of the Saints, open that day to the devout, to offer up her prayers for his restoration. The fourth act exhibits a barren tract of desert land. The shepherd boy, Andreino, enters, playing on his pipe. Having piped and sung his song, he departs, and Mirella totters in, and goes through a mad, or semi-mad scene, in which she beholds a vision of Jerusalem and the holy temple, and falls exhausted. The shepherd boy pipes in the distance, the sound reanimates her; she rises, takes courage, and with faltering steps pursues her way. The fifth act represents the exterior of the Church of Holy Mary. A procession of pilgrims enters the church. Vincenzo goes about seeking Mirella in the crowd. Mirella enters pale and tottering; she sees Vincenzo, and falls into his arms without recognising him. The church organ peals forth its accompaniment to the chanting of the pilgrims; Mirella is suddenly restored to consciousness, and the lovers pour out their souls in sacred transports. The music of "Mirella" will as surely make its way with the public as that of "Faust." The opening is far more attractive. Indeed, the first act of "Mirella" is almost matchless in its grace and beauty, and is one strain of captivating tune from the delicious chorus of the Magnanimites to the intense love-breathing duet of Mirella and Vincenzo, accompanied at the end by the same chorus behind the scenes with which it closes. The performance was incomparably fine. In fact it is asserting no more than the truth to say that in no other theatre in the world could M. Gounod's opera be represented so completely and powerfully. Mdlle. Tiffens has the power to elevate and idealise any character she undertakes, and, no doubt, in her delineation she has gone beyond the idea of poet and composer. The great artist has transcendent moments in Mirella, her acting in the desert scene and in the last scene being entirely worthy of genius. Mdlle. Trebelli has not much to do as the witch Tavens, but she sings most delightfully. Her make up for the old woman is a marvel. It is impossible to recognise her until she commences singing, and then it is impossible not to recognise her. Mdlle. Volpini is another eminent success. We must not omit referring to the splendid singing of Mr. Santley and Signor Giuglini; and a word of strong praise must be given to Signors Juncu and Gassier. The band is perfect throughout—Signor Arditi's zeal and intelligence ensures the utmost success. The introductory chorus and the chorus of reapers are really splendid. Mr. Telbin has painted three magnificent pictures—the "Mulberry Plantation," the "Desert of Crad," and the "Exterior of the Church of Holy Mary." These three are very beautiful, and well set. The "Arena of Arica" is another good picture. The costumes are new, picturesque, and proper.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—An admirable performance of Donizetti's comic masterpiece, "L'Elisir d'Amore," was given on Saturday evening last, the cast embracing Mdlle. Adeline Patti as Adina, Signor Mario as Nemorino, M. Faure as Belcore, and Signor Ronconi as Dulcamara. Signor Mario surprised his greatest admirers on Tuesday by the perfect manner in which he gave the music and the beauty of his voice, which seemed to have been restored to the freshness of his best days. The lovely air, "Una furtiva lagrima," was encored in a hurricane of applause. With the exception of once last week, he had not performed the part for eight years. We have had no such Adina at either of the operas as Mdlle. Patti, singing and acting taken together. In every scene she enchained attention. As for Ronconi, no words can do justice. M. Faure is a steady and sensible Sergeant, and sings the music with point and purpose. The performance was received with thunders of applause, and the principal singers recalled after the last act.

THE ADELPHI.—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan's benefit took place at this house on Saturday evening, in the presence of a very fashionable and crowded audience, their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales occupying the royal box. The pieces selected were "Shakespeare's House," "The Area Belle," in which the leading parts were sustained by Messrs. Toole and Paul Bedford, and Miss Woolgar; "The Scrap of Paper," in which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan performed; and "The First Night," the parts of the debutante and the father being played by Miss Cotterill and Mr. Alfred Wigan. The whole performance passed off with admirable spirit, and was enthusiastically applauded.

ST. JAMES'S.—On Saturday evening a new original travesty, entitled "Faust and Marguerite," was brought out at this theatre, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand. The author has not limited the action of the piece to a mere burlesque of "Faust," for it extends to a parody on the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," and on scenes from "Leah," and fun abounds from the rising till the fall of the curtain. The cast of characters is very strong—Faust, Mr. Ashley; Mephistopheles, Mr. Charles Mathews; Wagner, Mr. W. Chamberlaine; Valentine (Marguerite's brother), Mr. H. J. Montague; Siebel, Mr. W. B. Eburne; Marguerite (known as home as Gretchen), Mrs. Charles Mathews; and Dame Martha, Mr. J. Clarke. Every role was admirably sustained. The opening scene introduces Faust and Wagner in the laboratory. The monster dog, who is changed to a French poodle, having given a growl, jumps into the midst of the paraphernalia, and having for a moment occupied Faust's chair, disappears, and Mephistopheles suddenly takes his place, and commences his demoniacal power upon his victim. Following out the original story, Mephistopheles first confers youth on him, and immediately after a beautiful scenic effect is produced in the representation of the vision of Mar-

guerite, and subsequently a very clever and well-executed representation of the outside wall of her garden is suddenly changed by the wave of Mephistopheles' sword to the interior, with a balcony, in which Marguerite appears, and then follows the parody on Juliet. Faust is conducted hither and thither under the guidance of Mephistopheles, who secures to him the happiness of intercourse with Marguerite, who is discovered at a balcony in Cremorne Gardens, seated on the platform, at a small round table, on which is a goblet, from which, with the aid of a straw, she is sipping, very leisurely, sherry cobbler; but she afterwards appears as a statue, the light being marvellously thrown on the face especially, and producing the appearance of white marble. Many ludicrous scenes follow, which are made up of witty dialogue and laughable repartees. Mrs. Charles Mathews enacts a barlesque of "Leah," and the resemblance to Miss Bateman's performance is exceedingly clever. Mr. Charles Mathews's Mephistopheles was all that could be wished, and the same praise is due to Mrs. Charles Mathews, as Marguerite, throughout. Much of the scenery is new and well painted, and the supernatural effects are admirably worked. The scenery is pretty, the costumes are strictly characteristic, and the whole affair is well got up. The burlesque is a most complete success, as was evidenced by the immense applause with which the finale was hailed. The curtain was raised again at the call of the audience for the purpose of giving renewed cheering; nor did it cease till the author made his bow in front of the stage.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual concert given by the professional students on Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall was one of great interest. It was, we are pleased to record, eminently successful and highly creditable to the principal and professors. There was a large attendance of the friends and relatives of the students, while the numbers in the balcony and galleries clearly indicated that the concert had awakened attention abroad. The fact that the London Academy of Music now boasts of 200 pupils is sufficient proof that its reputation is widely spread, and that so eminent and experienced a musician as Professor Wyldie is placed at the head of the establishment is full guarantee for the efficiency and completeness of the instructions in every department.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The delightful gardens of the Crystal Palace were never in greater beauty at this season of the year than at the present time. The magnificence of the floral display is in itself worth a visit; but with the attractive features in the way of concerts, fetes, cricket and other matches—which take place every day, the playing of the cascades and fountains (an engraving of which will be found on page 73), and innumerable other attractions, it is no wonder this favourite resort is so widely patronised. At the special operatic recital on Wednesday, selections from M. Gounod's new opera of "Mirella" were given by the principal members of Her Majesty's Theatre. This day (Saturday) the annual Dramatic College *fete* takes place, which is one of the most attractive of the season.

THEATRICAL REUNION.—According to annual custom, the gentlemen of the Haymarket company dined together at the Anierly Gardens, on Thursday, the 7th, under the presidency of their highly-esteemed manager, J. B. Buckstone, Esq. Mr. Chippendale occupied the vice-chair, and after the usual loyal toasts had been honoured, proposed his facetious chief's health. Mr. Buckstone's kindness and good feeling towards the members of his company (some of whom have worked with him for many years as brother actors in the same theatre) is well known, and was most cordially acknowledged. The members of the Haymarket troupe included Messrs. Compton, Howe, Rogers, Gordon, Clark, Braid, Cullenford, Coe, Wetherby, and Carroll. Mr. J. W. Wyldie, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. G. Turpin, and four or five visitors were also present.

Sporting.

YACHTING.

THE GREAT OCEAN MATCH OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The season of the Royal London Yacht Club terminated on Saturday, in an ocean race from Rosherville to Harwich, and exceeded the expectations of its supporters, both as regarded starters and amount of sport. The race was for schooners, yawls, and cutters, the former with a quarter-minute time allowance, and the latter half a minute, and the prizes two fine pieces of plate value £40 each, no restrictions as to course or channel; to start from and weigh their own anchors, and to carry their boats, with mainsails up at their own option. The following were entered, but the Violet did not start:—

Station.	Yachts.	Tons.	Owner.
1.	Will-o'-the-Wisp	55	Mr. G. F. Moss.
2.	Dudu	15	Captain Baldock.
3.	Avalon	38	Mr. Jas. Goodson.
4.	Mars	36	Mr. G. Haines.
5.	Gance	36	Mr. G. W. Charlwood.
6.	Surf	54	Mr. G. Harrison.
7.	Argonaut	18	Mr. A. Louch.
8.	Phosphorus	50	Captain Bulkeley.
9.	Marica	65	Mr. J. C. Morice.

Station.	Yachts.	Tons.	Owner.
1.	Mistrel (yawl)	67	Mr. H. G. Austin.
2.	Violet	32	Mr. A. Ardeckna.
3.	Blue Bell	82	Mr. J. Edwards.

At Walton-on-the-Naze, as the wind and tide were against the boats getting into Harwich harbour, the steamer anchored off the Cork light-ship, and they rounded as under:—

Station.	Yachts.	Tons.	Owner.
1.	Surf	54	Mr. G. Harrison.
2.	Glance	36	Mr. G. W. Charlwood.
3.	Marica	65	Mr. J. C. Morice.
4.	Will-o'-the-Wisp	55	Mr. G. F. Moss.
5.	Blue Bell	82	Mr. J. Edwards.

The Phosphorus bore up for Harwich, and the others were not timed, the Mistrel not rounding the ship. The prizes were presented by the worthy commodore to the Glance, who won by time, and the Blue Bell.

BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

LIVERPOOL CUP.—4 to 1 agst Mr. G. Rigby's Black Deer (1); 4 to 1 agst Mr. Barber's Clown (off); 5 to 1 agst Mr. V. H. Duvaux's Gille Callum (off, 1 to 1); 20 to 1 agst Captain Macbell's Bacchus (1); 25 to 1 agst Lord Coventry's Thalesia (1).

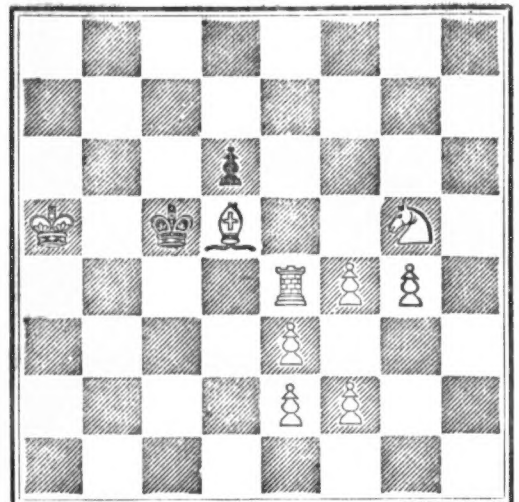
GOODWOOD STAKES.—100 to 80 agst Lord Coventry's Thalesia (off, 1 to 1); Mr. T. Stevens's Fishermen's Daughter (1); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Swindell's Claxton (1); 10 to 1 agst Mr. F. Parr's Blondin (off); 10 to 1 agst Mr. S. Thellusson's Bally Edmond (off).

ST. LEGER.—8 to 1 agst Mr. L'Anson's Biar Athol (off); 7 to 2 agst Lord Glasgow's General Peel (1); 4 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off).

DERRY.—7 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (1 freely); 18 to 1 agst the Marquis of Hastings The Duke (off, 1 to 1); 1,000 to 35 agst Mr. Merry's Wild Charley (1); 1,000 to 80 agst Mr. W. Day's colt by Stockwell—Sortle (1); 55 to 1 agst Count Bathany's King Charming (1); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Dilly Dilly (1); 40 to 1 agst Lord Durham's Wizard's dam colt (1); 2,000 to 25 agst Mr. Watte's Olmar (1).

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 193.—By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game played between two amateurs, members of the Norwich club.

White.	Black.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q B 3	4. Kt to K B 3
5. P to Q 4	5. P takes P
6. P to K 5	6. Q to K 2
7. Castles	7. Kt to K Kt 5
8. P takes P (a)	8. B to Q Kt 8
9. P to K B 3	9. Kt to K R 3
10. B to K Kt 5 (b)	10. Q to Q Kt 5
11. B takes Kt	11. Q takes B (c)
12. B takes Kt P	12. R to Kt square
13. B to K B 6	13. Kt takes P
14. Kt to Q B 3	14. P to Q 3 (d)
15. K to R 2	15. B to K 3 (e)
16. P takes P	16. Kt takes Kt (ch)
17. Q takes Kt	17. B to Q R 4
18. Kt to K 4	18. B to Q 4
19. Q R to Q square (f)	19. P to Q B 3
20. P to Q Kt 4	20. B takes P (g)
21. Q to K B 4	21. Q takes Kt
22. Q takes Q (ch)	22. B takes Q
23. P to Q 7 (h)	23. K to B square
24. P to Q 8, becoming a Q (ch)	24. R takes Q
25. R takes R, mating (h)	

(a) White has now a very good game before him, every piece being ready for immediate action.

(b) Preferable to capturing the K Kt at once.

(c) Better than Kt P takes B; for if the Kt P is taken, Black has still the open file for the K's R.

(d) To give liberty to the B, and, if possible, to remove the troublesome K's P. Also threatening to capture K R P with safety.

(e) P takes P would be weak play.

(f) Well played. If Black Q or B now capture the Kt, he would be mated in four moves.

(g) The correct play was B to Q square.

(h) A very neat ending to this short game.

[For the above game and notes we are indebted to Mr. Rainger.]

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 176.

1. R takes B	1. P takes R
2. B to Q 3	2. P takes P
3. B to Kt 5	3. P queens
4. Kt mates	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 177.

1. Q to R 7 (ch)	1. K moves
2. Q to R 8 or K 7	"
3. Kt mates	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 178.

1. P takes B (ch)	1. K takes R
2. Kt to Q B 5	2. K takes Kt
3. R mates	

J. S.—The opening moves of the Cunningham Gambit are as follows:—1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, 3. K Kt to B 3, 4. B to B 4, 5. P to K 4, 6. P takes P, 7. B to K 2, 8. B to R 5 (ch), 9. K to B square, 10. P to K Kt 8, 11. K to B square, 12. B to B 5, 13. B to B 5, 14. B to B 5, 15. B to B 5, 16. B to B 5, 17. B to B 5, 18. B to B 5, 19. B to B 5, 20. B to B 5, 21. B to B 5, 22. B to B 5, 23. B to B 5, 24. B to B 5, 25. B to B 5, 26. B to B 5, 27. B to B 5, 28. B to B 5, 29. B to B 5, 30. B to B 5, 31. B to B 5, 32. B to B 5, 33. B to B 5, 34. B to B 5, 35. B to B 5, 36. B to B 5, 37. B to B 5, 38. B to B 5, 39. B to B 5, 40. B to B 5, 41. B to B 5, 42. B to B 5, 43. B to B 5, 44. B to B 5, 45. B to B 5, 46. B to B 5, 47. B to B 5, 48. B to B 5, 49. B to B 5, 50. B to B 5, 51. B to B 5, 52. B to B 5, 53. B to B 5, 54. B to B 5, 55. B to B 5, 56. B to B 5, 57. B to B 5, 58. B to B 5, 59. B to B 5, 60. B to B 5, 61. B to B 5, 62. B to B 5, 63. B to B 5, 64. B to B 5, 65. B to B 5, 66. B to B 5, 67. B to B 5, 68. B to B 5, 69. B to B 5, 70. B to B 5, 71. B to B 5, 72. B to B 5, 73. B to B 5, 74. B to B 5, 75. B to B 5, 76. B to B 5, 77. B to B 5, 78. B to B 5, 79. B to B 5, 80. B to B 5, 81. B to B 5, 82. B to B 5, 83. B to B 5, 84. B to B 5, 85. B to B 5, 86. B to B 5, 87. B to B 5, 88. B to B 5, 89. B to B 5, 90. B to B 5, 91. B to B 5, 92. B to B 5, 93. B to B 5, 94. B to B 5, 95. B to B 5, 96. B to B 5, 97. B to B 5, 98. B to B 5, 99. B to B 5, 100. B to B 5.

OLIGO (of Oldham).—If you desire to enter the proposed tourney of games, you should do so at once, as the list will shortly be full.

E. R., and W. T. F.—We prefer White's game, as his forces are better developed. Possibly, however, Black may manage to draw, through his superiority in forces.

THE GRAND REVIEW IN HYDE-PARK.

A grand review was held in Hyde-park on Monday week, before the Prince and Princess of Wales, an engraving of which will be found on page 72. The troops on the ground consisted of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, two batteries of the Horse Artillery from Woolwich, the 5th Fusiliers, the Life Guards, and Horse Guards Blues. The troops went through a series of file and volley firing, and there was a charge by the cavalry, in which, unfortunately, four troopers were dismounted; the whole force then advanced in review order and presented arms to the staff. The firing was remarkable for its regularity and precision, and the whole of the movements of the troops were executed with great steadiness and concentration. After these evolutions the whole force marched off the ground with their bands playing.

MR. ROBINSON FOWLER, of the Northern Circuit, has been appointed the stipendiary magistrate of Manchester, in the room of Mr. Outhbert Ellison, who has resigned that office, on his appointment as one of the metropolitan police magistrates at Work-street.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
HOW STREET.

A PRISONER OF ROBBERS—Mr. John Wilson, who said he was a barber at law, and Mr. David Sutton, were placed at the bar before Mr. Paget (the newly-appointed magistrate of the court), charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting Mr. G. B. Smith, proprietor of the Pamphlet office, 10, Brixton-street, Covent-garden. From the statement of the complainant it appeared that the two defendants went into the coffee-house in the evening and ordered some drink and kidneys. It was not then observed by the witness that they were the worse for drink, and the order was therefore executed. Before the kidneys had elapsed, however, and when the drinking was nearly finished, they commenced making a disturbance, and declared they would not have the refreshments which they had ordered. Mr. B. Smith called to them, and he demanded payment for the order, at the same time closing the door to prevent their leaving, and directing one of his servants to call in a police-constable. They then struck at the complainant, and knocked him down in one of the partitions of the coffee-house. Complainant endeavoured to save himself by seizing Wilson's coat, upon which the latter fell also and injured his eye by coming into forcible collision with a wall. A general struggle took place, and the complainant was considerably bruised, and even after the arrival of the police-officer, the defendant Wilson aimed a blow at the complainant which the constable averted. The evidence was confirmed by Henry Osborne, the head cook of the establishment, and by the constable (F 171), who further deposed to the extreme violence of the defendant. Inspector Brennan, who was on duty at the time, said the defendants were both drunk when brought to the police-station. Mr. Flowers, after commenting upon the disgraceful conduct of the defendants (observing that Wilson, from his professional calling, ought to have known better), fined Wilson 40s and Sutton 20s. The fines were paid.

GREENWICH.

FRANCIS SAWYER HARRYING MEN—Frederick Matton, an another, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with having assaulted Robert Under, a carpenter. The complainant said that on Monday, the 27th of June, I was at the Compass and Needle, Hornsey. The defendant was there at the bar drinking. I asked him when he was going to Mr. Welch's to sell our account. I had made a bet with him on the Derby, and he now owes me £14. He said when I told him brother £7 10s. I told him if you don't agree to that I shall think that you don't mean paying. He made some remark, and said, "If you do mean paying, like an honest man why don't you go and pay my brother-in-law's account at Epson?" He said, "I do not owe the money." I said, "You do." He then said, "If you say again I shall punch you." I said he did owe me the money, and he then immediately hit me two violent blows in the mouth and knocked me against the counter. Blood flowed from my mouth, my lip was badly cut inside, and I felt blood rush to my head. I fell very ill after, and could not sleep all night. I am subject to fits, but I have lately felt much better, but immediately after the blow I felt a fit was coming on, and in less than twenty-four hours after the assault I had a fit worse than I ever had before. I was not able to work the following day. A constable picked me up in the street whilst I was under the fit. This statement having been confirmed by two witnesses, the defendant said he could not deny that he had struck the complainant, or that he owed him some money arising out of betting transactions. That money he was ready to pay as soon as the complainant settled with his (defendant's) brother. The complainant, I only owe him £1, and you owe me £14. Mr. D'Eyncourt said an assault had been committed, and ordered the defendant to pay a fine of £1 and 6s, or in default to be imprisoned for twenty-one days.

A PAIR OF FIGHTING MEN—Lewis Bissett a stiff-looking young fellow, apparently in the prime of health and condition, aged 32, who described him of as a pug-hugger residing at 8, Gifford-street, Chiseldon-road, Ilford, was brought in the custody of the Government detective police, and charged before Mr. Barker with being about to commit a breach of the peace. The court was addressed by persons who it was stated had started with the intention of being present at the intended prize-fight, which was to have taken place that day (Monday) at Brixton. Police-sergeant Beard, 29 A, said: In consequence of receiving information that a person of the name of Bissett was about to fight a prize fight with a person of the name of Elphick, last night I proceeded to the Bedford Arms beer shop, Copenhagen-street, Ilford, to see the landlord, and asked him if Bissett was in. He said, "Yes, he is in." He took me up stairs to the first floor bedroom, and Bissett was brought in. I asked the defendant if his name was Bissett, and he said, "Yes." I said, "Are you going to fight a man named Elphick?" and he said, "Yes." I asked when, and he said, "To-morrow, Monday, the 28th." I said, "I have a gentleman who wishes to speak to you, will you come down stairs with me?" He said, "No." I yet went on with me to another officer, and he was taken into custody. Inspector Williamson, of Scotland-yard, said: Last night (about ten o'clock, was in Copenhagen-street, Ilford, and the defendant was brought to me by the last witness. I asked him if his name was Bissett, and he replied, "Yes." I said, "Are you the man that is advertised to fight Elphick on Monday?" and he said, "Yes." I asked him where he had been training, and he said, "Boxmoor." I said, "And when are you going to fight?" and he said, "To-morrow." I said, "What time?" and he said, "If you want to see it you had better be at Fenchurch-street at about half-past ten to-morrow." I afterwards told him I belonged to the police, and must take him into custody. He said, "Very well." On the way to the police-station he said he would fight Elphick, that he had taken an advantage of him—said that he would have it out of him any other day. Police-sergeant Beard said he was then called and, being sworn, said he had known the defendant for some time, and had heard that he was about to engage in a prize fight. Mr. Alexander: How long have you known the defendant? Witness: For about the last seven years as a painter. He is a painter, and generally at work. Mr. Alexander: How long do you know he has been getting a living as a prize-fighter? Witness: I was not aware that he got his living by fighting. Mr. Alexander: Fighting occasionally? Witness: Yes. Mr. Alexander: Mostly fighting? Witness: No, mostly at work. I believe the defendant was insulted by Elphick in the street, and that he had before fought Elphick. I have been connected with prize-fighters for the last eight years. The defendant said he should like to know with what offence he was charged. Mr. Alexander: "With being about to commit a breach of the peace." The defendant said: I never broke any peace last night. (A laugh.) Mr. Alexander: No one says you have. (A laugh.) Barker: I shall call upon you to find two securities to keep the peace in the sum of £10 for the next three months. The defendant, who said he hoped his friends would set bail, was removed in the custody of Turner, the constable. As the officers were leaving the court they were hissed by the friends of the prisoner.

PICKING POCKETS AT THE FORESTERS' FEET, ALEXANDRA-PARK.—John Cook, a respectably-dressed young man who refused both his address and occupation, was charged with attempting to pick pockets at the Foresters' Feet, Alexandra-park, Wood-green. Mr. Ricketts appeared for the prisoner. It appeared from the evidence that on Monday night he was at Wood-green, where he saw the prisoner moving about in a very suspicious manner. He saw the prisoner attempt the pockets of several ladies and then get into the train. He followed the prisoner into the carriage, and when he stopped at King's-cross he saw the prisoner attempt the pocket of another lady and then run off. At the barrier he stopped, and there attempted the pocket of another lady. His brother officer took the prisoner's hand out of the lady's pocket. Josiah Thorngood, another of the company's detectives, said he saw the prisoner attempting the pockets of some ladies at Wood-green. At the barrier he attempted to pick the pocket of another lady, and he pulled his hand out of her pocket. Mr. Thomas Williams, inspector of the line, said he saw the prisoner very busy at Wood-green attempting the pockets of several ladies. The prisoner refused his address. The prisoner said he had been three months' hard labour in the House of Correction. The prisoner: I can do that on my head.

MARKING ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY BY MEANS OF CHLOROFORM.—SIRGENT DISCOVERY at a MARKED WOMAN—William Ringe, a young fellow about 20 years of age, described as a jockey-bugger, residing at 14, Warwick-place, Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, was charged with stealing from the person of Elizabeth Adams, described as the charge stable as a prostitute, residing at 21, Brixton-street, St. Luke's, three gold rings and other articles. The complainant, who gave her evidence in a very affected manner, said she was a married woman, the wife of a soldier, and she was placed to say one of the gallant defendants of the court. On Saturday morning she met the prisoner in Old street, and went with him into the Sun Dial public-house, and had some refreshment with him. While there he put something in his pocket handkerchief, and placed it on her face. She believed it was chloroform, for she immediately lost her senses, and whilst in a state of unconsciousness her jewellery was stolen. When she came to herself the prisoner had gone. Mr. Barker asked how long she had known the prisoner, and how she first became acquainted with him? The complainant replied that she first knew him about eight months since, whilst serving at a butcher's shop in Whitecross-street. Mr. Barker: Had you been drinking? The complainant, with some hesitation, replied in the negative. The prisoner said the complainant was the worse for liquor when he met her, shortly before twelve o'clock on the previous

Friday night, and she was drinking with him and other men all Saturday morning. He was drunk and so was she, and as for putting stuff on his handkerchief, to take away her senses, that was all moonshine. Mr. Barker (to the complainant): You hear what the prisoner says. How long were you with him? The complainant: I was with him about six hours altogether. Police-constable Walsh, 97 G, said the complainant gave the prisoner into his custody for stealing three rings, and the prisoner, who gave his right name and address, said he was so drunk that he knew nothing of the matter. Whilst the prisoner was at the police-station the prisoner's sister brought two rings there, which were identified by the complainant, and the sister said the prisoner had given them to her. As far as she could tell there were no traces of chloroform on the prisoner's handkerchief. Mr. Barker: What is the complainant? Witness: She is supposed to be a common street walker. The prisoner's sister said the prisoner gave her two rings. He was very drunk, and did not say how he came possessed of them. Mr. Barker said it was a strange story, and remanded the prisoner on his own recognisances for a week.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

CHARGE AGAINST A SOLDIER OF BEING IN POSSESSION OF OPIUM—WALTER'S WATCH AND CHAIN.—Joseph Hood, a private of the Grenadier Guards, charged with being in possession of a watch and chain, of the value of £100, which was afterwards ascertained to belong to Count Waldstein, of Hohenstein, Grosvor-gars, was again brought before Mr. Tyrwhitt. Mr. Waymouth said he attended on behalf of the count, and it was a matter of the greatest importance that the count should be present to give an explanation of the statement made by the prisoner. It happened that the day the count was to appear at this court he was taken ill, and being in great pecuniary difficulties he had to go to Berlin for medical aid. (Mr. Waymouth) had a certificate showing that the count had been ill in health and unable to attend to business. The count being a foreigner was ignorant of the inference drawn by the report of the case in the papers. His object was to ask for an adjournment, that the count might be able to attend. Inspector Tanner said that after the prisoner was remanded last week, he called him to him and told him that he did not like to tell the commanding officer at the time, but the gentleman had taken him home and gave him the watch and chain. Mr. Waymouth said the landlady of the house in which the complainant lodged present, to state no soldier came to the house on the Sunday day of the robbery. Mr. Pohl, the secretary to the court, said the count was an Austrian, and had lived in this country some years. He had lately been very ill, and unable to attend to business. The count was obliged to go to Berlin owing to the pecuniary state of his affairs. The count told him on the Monday morning that he had been robbed the previous day, and he believed by a soldier in a street near the National Gallery—that there was a fight going on, and he went up and was robbed of his watch and chain. The landlady of the house said that no soldier came to it on Sunday, and that the count was too ill to attend to business. Mr. Tyrwhitt: But he was not ill to go abroad. Mr. Waymouth said he felt certain the count would attend. Mr. Pohl said he would be back in a week. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner, offering to take two bail in £10 for his attendance in a week.

MABLESTONE.

A WORKHOUSE VINDICTIVE—A stout, healthy-looking young woman was charged with the following brutal assault.—Mr. Tabbs, assistant overseer of the Mablestone Workhouse, said that the prisoner was an inmate of the workhouse. On Saturday evening she assaulted another inmate, and for which she was placed in the cell. On her release next morning she went to the complainant's bedroom and most brutally assaulted her. Mr. Mansfield: Why do you take such healthy, strong, able-bodied people in to keep in laziness? Mr. Tabbs: If we did not the public would be indignant with us. Mr. Mansfield: What have you to do with public indignation? You should see the public at defiance. It is a gross case and front upon the public and taxpayers to take such creatures as the prisoner in, and feed and pamper them up. Mr. Tabbs: It is true that they are too well fed, and it is such as the prisoner who deter and beat such respectable inmates as the complainant. We have no control over the prisoner. Mr. Mansfield: If you choose to take in lions and tigers you must expect to suffer. Anne Chatterway, a delicate-looking woman, said she was coming from the workhouse the prisoner came behind her and gave her a blow on the head which fell her to the ground. Prisoner then dragged her violently by her hair, and pulled a good deal out. She was rendered unconscious for a time, and had it not been for the watchman who would have murdered her, she said she might have been killed. Mr. Mansfield: That does not speak well for the discipline of your house. Evidence was given by a mistress of the complainant. Mr. Mansfield (to prisoner): You have no business to be in the workhouse. God has given you health and strength, and you ought to be out of the house earning your livelihood. It is quite a shame that you should be there robbing the poor unfortunate ratepayers. However, if the guardials are so kind-hearted to you, it is no reason why you should assault and beat every one you come near. You must be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for three months.

WORSHIP STREET.

A TAILOR SUSPECTED OF BEING A ROGUE.—John Jones, described as a tailor, living in King's-rick, Lower-road, Ilford, and Elizabeth Smith were charged with complicity in the following daring burglary and robbery.—Mrs. Esther Eggleton, dress maker, at 14, New Montagu-street, N.E. end, said: About half-past two o'clock this morning, whilst I had on the ground floor of my room, I was awakened by a creaking noise, and on sitting up perceived the window open and a man's extended hand inside the room, grasping a piece of black silk. I screamed, and he disappeared in a moment. All the material produced in my property, and part of it the silk I have mentioned. The shutters of the apartment opened from without and the bolts I now find have been forced. The property in question was safe in my room when I retired to rest. I wear the prisoner in the man I saw at the window. A gas light opposite to mine fell upon him. I felt the shutters were secure when I closed the window. The female prisoner here exclaimed: That's false; they were partly open. I found them so, and forcing up the window stole the things myself. This young man had not anything to do with it. Robert Eggleton, husband of the prosecutrix, said that on hearing his wife scream he sprang from his bed, but could only see the open window, so rapidly had the thief decamped. Fordham, 197 E: This morning, as near half-past two o'clock as possible, whilst on duty in Brick-lane, I saw Jones pass into a street there. Smith called out calling out "Jack." Upon which he ran off. She entered a house No. 11, Osborne-place. I told another constable to pursue Jones, and then forced my way after Smith. I heard a scuffling in an upper room, but all was dark. I however got in, struck a match that I had in my pocket, and then saw Smith there. This black silk and other silk I found beneath the bed counterpane. She said she had bought it of a woman while drunk, and could not recollect her name. I took her into custody, and a few hours after heard of this burglary. H 138 proved the capture of Jones, and both prisoners were ordered for trial, the girl still protesting that her companion was entirely innocent.

THAMES.

THE WOMAN WHO ROBS THE POOR.—Mary Ann Searly, a vulgar and dissipated woman, aged 21, and lately dwelling at 4, San and Swayer's-court, Poplar, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with stealing two pairs of boots from the apartment of a poor woman named Mary Magrath, of Vail-passage, Broad-street, Ratcliff, and one pair of boots from the room of another poor woman named Ann Hally, in the same locality. The prisoner was described by George Palfre, No. 10 K, as a very malicious thief, who prowl about very poor neighbourhoods early in the morning, and sneaked into rooms, carrying off anything she could lay her hands on. The value of the property was trifling but a serious loss to the poor creatures she had robbed. On the morning of the 21st of June, the dwellings of the parties above named were entered, and the boots stolen. In one case the boots stolen were worth 3s, and the woman said her child had only worn them one day, the previous Sunday, and her poor husband was a coal whipper, whose labour was hard and earnings scanty. In the other case two pairs of children's boots were stolen, and they had been under the necessity of going without since. Palfre found the three pairs of boots at a pawnbroker's shop. The prisoner had taken money on them and spent it on gin and beer. Her live for strong drink was proverbial, and she was known by the elegant gentlemen and Lady Palfre. She was seen in the immediate vicinity of the two places the boots were stolen from on the morning of the 21st of June. The prisoner, in a whining tone, said, "Pray be merciful, sir, I am a poor lone woman. I am guilty." Mr. Paget said the prisoner deserved no mercy at all. She had committed very cruel robberies—both robberies were very heartless and cruel. He sentenced her to be imprisoned for six months in the House of Correction and kept to hard labour.

LUCKY FELLOWS.—A VISIT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—Three well-known and active thieves, named Thomas Jones, aged 23, Henry Archer, 17, and John Webb, 19, were brought up on remand before Mr. Paget charged with felony. On the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the London Hospital the prisoners were at the corner of the New-road and Whitechapel-road, and were busy at work among the pockets of the well-dressed and respectable and intelligent women, named Mary Ann Smith, the wife of William Smith, a butcher, saw the prisoners dive unobservedly into the pockets of several persons. At last two of them stood in front of a lady, while Archer put his hand into her pocket and drew something out, which he at once handed to Jones. A rush,

a push and a shout was the next rule of the three thieves, who were closely watched by Mrs. Smith. She gave information to the police, and the prisoners were taken into custody. They made a desperate resistance, and kicked and planged violently. The constables on duty under Superintendent Howle, of the K Division, were too numerous and active to allow them to escape, and they were soon locked up. Joseph Stevens, No. 428 K, said each prisoner had a hole in his left-hand coat pocket, through which they "worked" under cover. He had been unable to find the lady who was robbed. John Clark, 401 K, said that Jones was committed for trial some time ago for felony, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. Jones: That's a lie, I can prove it to be false. It's a rumour. I was only paying a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday last. Mr. Paget had no doubt the prisoners had robbed a lady, but as she was not forthcoming, the prisoners must be discharged. The prisoners (singing out): We are lucky fellows. Good morning.

A VINDICTIVE—A woman calling herself Mary Ann Cox, which is not her real name, and about thirty five years of age, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with violently assaulting Sarah Cox, aged thirteen years. Much statement prevailed during a long investigation. Many of the prisoner's neighbours crowded the court, and several audibly expressed their indignation. The prisoner has been for the last seven years or more cohabiting with a man named Cox, who is a widower, and she has borne him three children. He had a family by his wife. The prisoner is a woman of singularly violent disposition, and not only ill-used Cox's legitimate children, but was frequently guilty of acts of cruelty to her own children. The parties lived at No. 7, Dean-street, Shadwell. From this house the screams of the children, cries of murder and police, and the imprecations, curses and blasphemous oaths of the prisoner were often heard. The neighbours had interfered over and over again, and taken the children away from the labouring wretch. Cox had been repeatedly advised to prosecute the woman. His fears, however, prevented him doing so. On Monday afternoon the prisoner was ravaging and swearing, and beating the children, and the street was in an uproar. That morning there was a recurrence of the scene. The prisoner and her paramour, Cox, had been quarrelling. The girl Sarah Cox, the eldest at home, bolted the door after the prisoner left the house, and was directed by the father to keep the prisoner out. She broke open the door, and seized the girl. She then fell upon her, pressed her knees on her chest, and beat her in a most inhuman manner. The prisoner's children tried to pull their mother off the girl, whom she was assaulting and entreaties for mercy were heartrending. A young woman named Anna Worral, living in the same house, dragged the infuriated woman off the girl, and asked her if she meant to murder her. The girl was quite insensible, and blood was streaming from her nose and mouth. Her face and neck were swollen and bruised, and one eye was nearly closed up. Miss Kewer confirms the evidence of the complainant and Worral, and said: This woman, sir, behaves to all the children with unkindness and brutality. I have seen them black and blue, and ill from the cruelty of the prisoner. Edward Gumble, police-sergeant No. 49 K, and Jesse Burton, a constable No. 359 K said the inhabitants of Dean-street and vicinity were in a state of excitement, and there were a great many witnesses in attendance to depose to the prisoner's general cruelty. Mr. Paget said he had heard evidence enough, and he should like a surgeon to examine the girl. Mr. John Brown Kewer, physician and surgeon, of Albert-square, Commercial-road, testified his services on and on his return to the court was sworn, and said the girl was one mass of bruises. They had been recently inflicted. The bruises and contusions on the arms were the most severe. The girl shrank from the slightest touch. She was in great pain. Mr. Paget called the father of the girl into the witness-box, but as the case had proceeded thus far on the assumption that the prisoner was the wife of the man, he was not sworn. He said he was not married to the prisoner, and that he had children old enough to look after the younger ones. He had a daughter in service seventeen years of age. Mr. Paget: Then bring her home again, and let her look after the children. The foreman of the jury in the London Dock said that Cox, the father of the complainant, was a sober and industrious man. The prisoner kept up a continual element, abused the witnesses, and called them lying beasts. She said the girl deserved all she received and much more. Mr. Paget remonstrated with Cox for bringing home a bad and wicked woman to his young children, and said his conduct was very immoral. The father ought to have interfered long since, and not have allowed the prisoner to beat one of his children "till it was nearly silly." The prisoner was a most brutal and cruel woman, and he should take care that she did not ill use the children again for some time. He sentenced her to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for three months, and at the end of that time to find two good and sufficient sureties to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for three months longer.

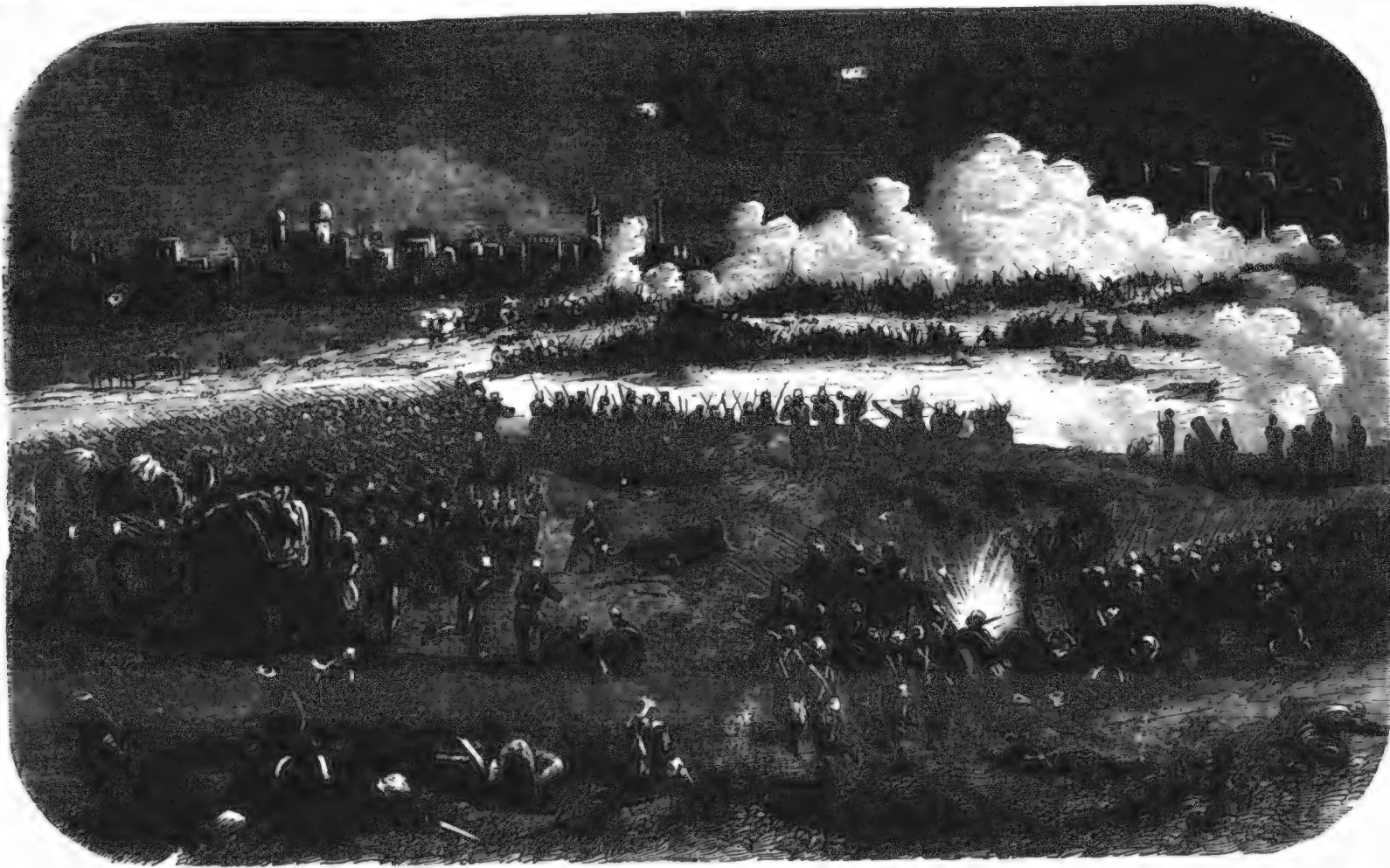
PELVINE A MAN WITH HIS OWN REASON.—Bridget Tighe, alias Carthy, a dissipated and turbulent woman, who has given much trouble to the police, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with stealing a bacon from the shop of a meat cheesemonger in Dean-street, Poplar, and assaulting a boy named Charles Lemon. The boy detected the prisoner stealing some rasher of "real White-bird," and called his master's attention to the fact. The prisoner immediately struck the boy, and knocked him down. She then took up all the bacon within reach, and pelled Mr. Hunt with it as fast as she was able. She also broke a great many eggs, and created such a scene of confusion that 400 persons assembled, and the cheesemonger had much trouble in saving his property. The prisoner was given into the custody of a police-constable named Edward Chann, who stated that the prisoner stood up and fought him like a man. She was a much better pugilist than himself, and declared she would not go to the station-house with him. He obtained assistance, disarmed her, and strapped her on a trolley. She was then carried to the station-house, where she was kept in custody. It was proved by Police-sergeant Watson, No. 31 K, that the prisoner had been twice convicted of felony, and once sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and on the second occasion to nine months' imprisonment and hard labour. The prisoner, whose clothes were a mass of rags, said she was torn to pieces by the police. They took advantage of her weakness, (daughter.) Mr. Paget convicted the prisoner of the assault on the boy, and sentenced her to a month's imprisonment and hard labour.

SOUTHWARK.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY AT LONDON BRIDGE.—William Wood, a middle-aged man, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrich charged with being concerned with a female in assaulting Charles Leonard, and assaulting a boy named Charles Lemon. The prosecutor said that he lived at St. Mary-at-Hill, and on the previous day he and his wife went on an excursion to Dover by the South-Eastern Railway. They returned home about ten o'clock, and as soon as they quitted the London-bridge terminus, they crossed the road towards the London-Bridge Tavern to partake of refreshment. He was a little in front of his wife, when the prisoner and a short female hustled him about in a rough manner, and suddenly they ran off down Tooley-street, nearly knocking down his wife. He then discovered his chain hanging loosely down and the watch was gone. Witness and a friend pursued the prisoner and her companion, and secured the man, but the female escaped. James Steel, a young man in the employ of Messrs. Findlater and Co., said he had been with the last witness and his wife to Dover, and on their return they agreed to go to the London-bridge Tavern to partake of refreshment. He was crossing the road behind them, when he saw the prisoner and a female rush between them, and give the prosecutor a push, and then rush off down Tooley-street. The prosecutor then turned round to assist his wife, when witness saw his chain hanging down, and his watch was gone. Witness pointed out the prisoner running away, when they pursued him, and gave him into custody. The wife of the prosecutor corroborated the testimony of her husband and last witness, and added that no other persons could have stolen the watch, as they were the only parties who hustled her husband. Mr. Woolrich directed the prisoner to be remanded, to enable the constable to find the female, and make inquiries about him.

GREENWICH.

A PLUCKY YOUNG LADY.—Miss Ellen Eliza Nearn, aged 18 years, and residing at No. 6, Walington-terrace, New-cross, appeared to a summons charging her with having assaulted Mr. George O'neil Carter. The complainant said that he resided at Kingswood-place, Blackwall. On Saturday evening, the 2nd inst., about a quarter of nine, he was at the New-cross Station of the North Kent Railway, when the defendant rushed up to him, seized him by the whiskers, and slapped his face. At the same time endeavouring to make other persons against him, and calling upon some cabmen to assault him. The defendant, in answer to the magistrate, said she must acknowledge to having acted as stated, being much excited at the time. The complainant formerly lived within four doors of her grandfather's house, and one afternoon she found him talking to her sister, who is fourteen years of age. Hearing that he had been seen walking out with her sister afterwards, she, knowing him to be a married man, went and spoke to his wife, who was very much excited, and upbraided him with having expressed his intention of effecting the ruin of her sister. The complainant on that occasion, promised her and his wife that he would never walk out again with her sister, but hearing since that they had been out together, and meeting him at the railway station, she had acted as described. The complainant said there was no truth in such an assertion, and that he did not make use to his wife the words spoken of by the defendant. Mr. Trail said that, however true her account of what happened might be, the kind of assault she had been guilty of could not be permitted. He should not now dispose of the summons, but should order it to stand over for a month. The defendant then left the court.



THE FIRST GREAT ENGAGEMENT AT DELHI. (See page 78.)

Literature
HIGHLAND JESSIE;
OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.
CHAPTER LXXXVII.
LUCKNOW FROM 29TH JULY TO AUGUST 5TH.

If the enemy had tried to get in on the 29th of July over the Cawnpore rap, they would have gone higher than even their loftiest ambition had prompted them to aspire to (heaven excepted), for there were no less than 200 lbs. of gunpowder in the ground, gunpowder being one of the things of which, happily, there was no lack in the garrison. However, fortunately or unfortunately, just as the reader likes, the enemy had the office pitched to them by some of their clever spies who still harassed our camp, and they did not come.

But if this was a disappointment on the 29th, on that day the garrison experienced a pleasure which was certainly rarer than gunpowder. This was nothing less than the appearance of convalescents from the hospital. It was very few convalescents who came from the hospital. Whatever disease a man went into hospital with, it was generally buried with him.

Yes, there were convalescents on the 29th of July—convalescents, all with that sweet, pleasant, almost womanly look upon the face which recent suffering leaves, like the trade mark of Christianity, upon the countenance. And these fellows went into their work again with that cheerfulness which only novelty produces.

But if some were getting well, others were falling sick, and especially the children. For instance, there was that unfortunate little Mrs. Lieutenant Smith—I remember her name was Bunny in the regiment—she could smile, and take little presents from you, and her soft, pinky eyes would fill, at a hard word, with a flood of tears. Well, there she sat, with her litter of children—seven of them—and it was pitiable to mark her trying to satisfy them with the poor remaining food on hand, and in her simplicity thinking some "nice strong wine," would compensate the bad air and the sickness in garrison. The little ones were very small, frail, and delicate; and so the tiny creatures dropped away, one by one, except on that 29th, when two little ones went away together. She didn't cry much, poor little woman; she only looked stupid, and tried the remaining little ones with more food and more oddings. To have done with her, she lost all her brood; and, moreover, she went at last back to England a little white-faced, whimpering, fading widow.

The children had no chance in the pestilential air, now more pestilential than ever, for the counter-mining operations were so incessant that no time or men could be spared to bury the dead in an effectual manner, and, therefore, the results were awful. It was suggested that burials should take place in the abandoned saps; but this would never have been done, for it might have happened that new saps would have to be run through the very spots occupied as graves.

But spite of all these miseries, the people were "cheerful." Greater praise than this cannot be given, if I wrote for a whole month. They were cheerful, from the brigadier down to the can teen-keepers; and in the 3—th, from Colonel O'Gog (what there was left of him) to Drummer Job Fisher.

In the 3—th things were still following the same course; the colonel shrinking very day, and Mrs. O'Gog (not to put it indelicately) swelling very visibly.

"Bare," says she, "if I had me yellow satin it wouldn't be it would meet on me. And it's myself would like to know what's become of that same."

For the reader must know that in the scurry towards the Residency on the 30th of May, Mrs. O'Gog had left that historical garment, illustrated with coral, to look after itself; and many a time and oft she had wondered what had become of the skirt.

And Mrs. O'Gog was wondering on the 29th what had become of it, when that shell hit the parapet of the wall under which Jessie sat nursing little Nebby. A moment, and down came about a hundred-weight of the wall; and, as it appeared to Mrs. O'Gog (who was looking from the window straight towards the spot that had once been a garden), upon the very heads of the nurse and child.

Away flew all thoughts of the yellow satin, and away flew Mrs. O'Gog, as fast as her size would admit of, to the Scotch nurse's side. Now Mrs. O'Gog had given herself much unnecessary fright, for the impetus given to the falling brick by the concussion with the shell sent it clean over and beyond Jessie and the child—a fortunate escape, as Mrs. O'Gog remarked, as she waddled up to the spot, and as the dust cleared away.

There were Jessie and the sick child, peppered with mortar, but with no harm done to them.

"Bedad, Macfarlane, it's I thought ye were gone, and the child also, where the good people go?"

"Eh, no, ma'am," says Jessie; "it's no my time yet, though 'tis, I fear, for the bairn."

"What," says the good Irish lady, "is now the poor little boy worse?"

"He's jest dying," says Jessie, "for he can't even eat a bit of candy Mr. O'Rackie gave him, and see there it is in his hand!"

"So O'Rackie gave the poor boy the candy, did he?" and Mrs. O'Gogarty makes up her mind that if ever she does get into the Square she will gladden the heart of O'Rackie's mamma with this little anecdote.

"Wasting away, is he?" says O'Gog: "'tis jest like all the garrison—me excepted"—she says in a remarkably meek voice.

And within half-an-hour she had got O'Rackie by the button-hole, and with tears in her old eyes was praising the boy, all about a stupid bit of candy.

"You're a good fellow!" says she.

"So's the colonel!" says O'Gog, bantering.

"What's left of him," remarks O'Gog, bearing in mind the colonel's lean condition.

"Oh, you make up for him then, Amelia."

"Faith!" says she, "the 3—th's got two colonelesses, if only half a colonel; but, nevertheless, you're a good boy for liking the children. And take me advice, O'Rack."

"All attention Amelia," says O'Rack.

"If ever you do get to St. James's-square—"

"Ask you to the first ball!"

"No—marry, and have some."

"Thank ye, Amelia; I'll do my best, to remember the advice. And, I say—wish you'd go over to Mrs. Bunny Smith, of our wife; she's lost the baby now, and Smith's queer, and there she is holding her poor breasts quite dreadful. Really, if I was a sentimental sort of fellow—think I should how!"

You see, I have omitted Mr. O'Rackie's stutter, because he was not by any means a bad sort, and so I don't want to make him appear ridiculous.

Of course Mrs. O'Gog waddled off to Mrs. Bunny, but she could do that poor little weak woman no good; and when she left her she was still holding her breasts, and every now and then moaning.

Meanwhile, Jessie's little one was getting much worse. It was a general peculiarity with the withering children at Lucknow that they very gradually grew worse till they reached a certain point, when they broke down suddenly, and so died.

Up to the time when Jessie felt she could do nothing but watch the little motherless child, she had not been a bad hand in the camp. She had turned that hand to anything, and as nobody but those who have tried their hands at a good many things know how much they can do, only those who are not industriously inclined will be amazed at the statement that Jessie had at various occasions taken a spade in hand, and amongst other things had helped to bury a bullock. But when Nebby fell ill, she would not leave him, womanlike, and I believe she would have felt that she neglected her duty had she put him out of her arms for five minutes together. She had gone from bed to bed—for being strong and healthy, she had been willing enough to nurse the sick; but little Nebby, once utterly broken down, she did not stir from Mrs. O'Gog's quarters,

and so held the little chap in her arms all day, and all night. I do not say she did not sleep—only mothers are sleepless when the little ones are dying—but I do assert that she slept only in her chair, and leaning over the little boy.

The child was ill of no describable complaint. He was just withering away—every day growing feebler, weaker, and more dim-eyed.

She had carried the boy into the small walled garden in the search for better air, and thus it was that she escaped so narrowly from being crushed by the wall. Indeed, she would have carried the boy anywhere for his good, though he had been with her but during a few weeks, for it is surprising how readily your childless women, old or young, can take to other people's progenies.

She would not leave the house.

Tim turned up on the 30th of July, with pride sparkling in his eyes.

"Jess," says he, "come and see our new loop-hole."

"Thank ye, Tim!" said she; "I'll just remain where I am!"

"What! Is our little chap worse?" says Tim, pinching a flabby little calf belonging to the child.

"He's no better," says Jessie, with that bubbling up of Scotch reserve which goes with the Scotch to their very graves.

"Ha! Then you won't come and see our new loop-hole?"

"No, lad."

Our new loop-hole was one made on the top of the brigade mess, which, it was discovered, commanded a distant and much frequented lane in the city. It was appropriated to a Lieutenant Sewell, armed with his Eofield rifle. The distance being not above 750 yards, the conical bullets most effectually cleared the line of the sepoy as they lounged up it, and quickened the paces of the citizens as they crossed and re-crossed.

In fact, the excitement was as good as the first of September at an English shooting box.

Well—as Jessie would not come to see the new loop-hole, Tim, with one or two light words, all the lighter because he felt it was a time at which Jess ought to be cheered up—Tim turned to go back to duty, when, as the evil influences would have it, there stood Miss Skeggs looking as like a surprised Eve at the fountain, as could any woman at a moment's notice.

"Mr. Tim!"

"Miss Willyminer."

"Why, who would ha' thought o' seeing of you, sergeant?"

"Which," says he, "you appears to turn up at every pint, Willy."

"No place is so pleasant to me as where you are, Mr. Tim."

Whereupon Tim, with a mental exclamation of "She's at it 'ard again!" fairly boited, saying it was his time to mount guard, or some other equally military excuse.

The Lurcher waved her handkerchief to him sweetly, as, after going, he turned his head, and then she paid her visit to Jessie.

I think Jess found even a visit from Skeggs a comfort, but it did poor Nebby no good.

In fact, Nebby was doomed. Already he began catching his breath in that peculiar way common to those suffering from atrophy, or gradual wasting away.

"Jessie, dear," says Skeggs, "how is our boy?"

"Much worse," says Jessie.

And then the Lurcher launched out into such a bitter sea of complaints against their condition, the misery of the garrison, the distress of the West-End, and general despair, that long before she had thought of coming to a termination, and long after Jessie had forgotten all about her presence and had lapsed into sorrowfulness, she was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Spankiss—Suds, as they called her in the 3—th.

"So, Jess," says Suds, passing Miss Skeggs as though she was nobody, "the boy's worse."

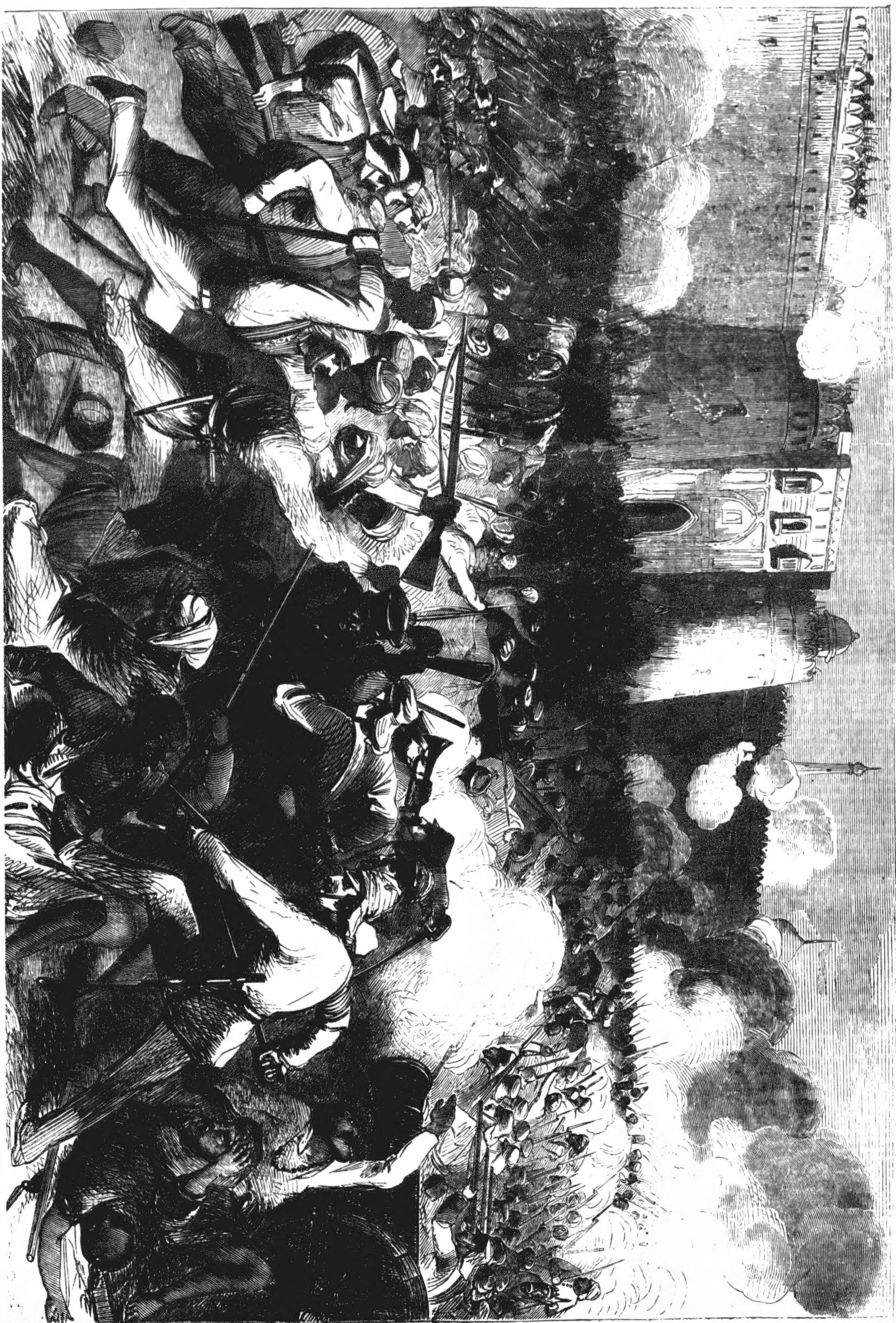
"He's no better," says Jessie, the Scotch caution again cropping out.

"Ha! my Jerry, now, is as well as a woman could wish him."

"That's no reason why Nebby should be."

"No, indeed," says Lurcher.

"Ho, is that you, Skeggs," says Mrs. Spankiss.



THE GREAT SORTIE FROM DELHI. (See page 76.)

"Yes, Spankiss, it is," says Lurcher, in reply.

"Ho," says the sergeant's wife, and turning again to Jess she proposes that she shall take Nebby to nurse, and see what she could make of him.

"I'm much thanking ye, Mrs. Spankiss; but I'll not let the boy go. If he's to die it shall be in these arms, where his mother put him, and so we'll just say no more about it."

"Oh, very well," says Spankiss, meekly; and it is just possible that the Lurcher smirks a little at Suda's discomfiture.

And three days after the child *did* die in Jessie's arms, just as quiet as a little child.

Gradually he grew very weak; at last he could hardly speak. His breath came slowly, and I think at the last it was quite impossible to tell the exact moment at which he fell asleep for good.

But before he was too weak to speak, he and Drummer Fisher had had some talk. The little boy was very backward in his tongue, and he says to his brother, "I say, Dobe, when's me doin' to be well again?"

"You're a going somewhere," says Job; "where you'll be all right!"

"Where's dat?"

"You're a going to heaven, you are, Nebby."

"Where's dat, trader Dobe?"

"Why up there, heaven is, they say."

"And what's all I do up dere?"

"I don't know."

"Well, why am I doin' dere?"

"Why, because—" here Drummer Fisher hesitated; then, after a time, he said, "You're a goin' because you are; and I'll tell you what you'll be there."

"What, Dobe?"

"Why," says Dobe, otherwise Job; "why, you'll be made a drummer of—that's what you'll be up there!"

"O—oh!" says the child, with great awe; and as he referred to being a "drummer" soon after, the inference is that he remembered the promise.

One guess is as good as another. Pray who knows to what account he was turned?

"Blest," says young Job, when Nebby was too far gone to answer him, though his lips moved (perhaps he tried to say "drummer")—"Blest if ever in all my life I comed across such a place as this yer!"

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

OUTSIDE DELHI.

LIKE a bulldog holding on to the neck of a thief, which will never loose its hold till it is choked off, the English held on to Delhi.

McCormack (sergeant), Englishman by birth, though a Scotchman by name, was a good example of the British will to conquer Delhi. He never comprehended the probability of falling back. The city would be taken some day or another, and all they had to do in the mean time was to fight square. Just as in times of peace he got up square, ate, drank, and went through the day square, so now he fought square. And just as he progressed plainly and slowly, so the whole force brought against Delhi went evenly to work, determined to do in the long run what they had to do.

Barty Sanderson went as calmly to work as the rest, and did one or two things with a remarkably cool hand.

For instance, one day, after that sortie from Delhi which led to the first great engagement before Delhi (a), Barty Sanderson was bearing a wounded ensign, a mere boy, from the field, or rather the suburb, before Delhi. A mutineer fired from the upper windows of a house. Deliberately Sanderson placed his senseless officer under shelter, walked to the house, tramped up stairs, dashed in the door, and shot the man! Two other mutineers were with him, and before they came to their wits two rapid thrusts of the bayonet had finished their course. Sanderson then walked coolly back and resumed his burden. This was not Barty's only first-class performance. During the march to Delhi he had distinguished himself signally. Here is how it was:—A hundred and fifty mutineers got into a serai, or walled enclosure for travellers, on our flank, and kept up a galling fire upon stragglers; twenty Europeans, Barty being one of the number, went at them, but they shut the door. It was blown open, our men rushed in and shot it behind them. They then slew every traitor inside, actually rushing from one to another, and driving their bayonets through them as if they had been sheep.

I know these are not very pleasant anecdotes, but the men of whom these and similar tales are told saved India for the English, and India herself from a sea of civil war, which would never have ended till India had been reconquered. So, perhaps, any chance squeamish readers I may have will be good enough to strike a balance of good over evil.

Barty was but an example of the materials of which the army before Delhi was made up. Take, for instance, the great July sortie from Delhi (of which we give an engraving on page 77). It is calculated the mutineers were no less than ten to one of our people, and yet our loss was inconsiderable, while that of the enemy was immense. The engraving gives a tolerable impression of the awful way in which our men were surrounded, and the style in which they cut their way out of the difficulties into which they had of their own will fearlessly rushed (b).

And just as they did their work as the whole, so generally did each man accomplish his individual duty; and exactly as the whole body of men who composed that force have had a general dislike to be praised for it, so did Barty Sanderson object to Mrs. McCormack's discreet, square, and dry approbations; in fact, I do not think your Briton like to be praised; and yet, at the same time, if you find fault with him, there's no man so ready as he is to punch your head.

But while the English were daily drawing nearer to the walls, what was going on within them?

Precisely as that union which is strength was beyond the walls, forgetting that victory to the English which came to pass, so within the city that disunion which is weakness, was hourly paying the road to destruction.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

INSIDE DELHI.

PHIL summed Delhi up in these few words:—"If the English don't cut their throats, they will each other's; so it will all come to the same thing in the long run."

Meanwhile Phil lived in the most luxurious manner possible—he was a very practical man. He stuck to his word; he would not vacillate the King of Delhi till the month was up, when he meant to keep his promise. Perhaps, however, he had another plan in his head for "keeping his Majesty in order."

There is no doubt about it, Phil lived quite as well as the King himself. He could do nothing for anybody; so, like the practical man he was, he made the most of the life into which he had been thrust.

Did he attempt to escape?

No. He knew that, between Indian and English bullets, he should be shot down if he attempted anything of the kind; and so, as he was quite sure the English would soon make an entry, he took things as patiently as he could, and lived as well as possible.

(a) We give an engraving of that engagement.
(b) A correspondent has written asking, "When do you think the Delhi prize money is to be paid over?" It is impossible to say, for no man can read the future. It ought to have been paid in 1859. He asks, "Will the Government allow compound interest on the sum?" It may fairly be doubted whether the Government will allow any interest whatever.

Practical—his very first interview with Lota was practical. He knew she was guileless, and before she could speak he told her so.

They saw very little of each other—an arrangement he was the first to propose. He foresaw that she might injure herself by being seen with him, while he also comprehended that the secret of the existence of the little boy would be found out the more readily.

So they saw little of each other, while each was prepared to do the best for the second, let happen whatever might.

Now, it has been said that upon Lota hearing that the Nene Sahib had arrived in Delhi, she commanded him to be brought before her.

When they were alone, she said "I have commanded you—do not start, I command now—to be brought here, that we may understand each other."

"You speak in a strangely insolent tone, my Lota,"—and here he sat down.

"You will please to stand when you speak to me."

"And what if I remain seated?"

"I will have you turned from the house."

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes—one to whom I abhor to speak. Will you rise?"

He hesitated, and then stood up.

"You are strangely excited, my Lota. You forget I have power to command."

"Prove it."

"You shall marry the Dureeth Djalma, or—"

"Or—"

"I will proclaim that you love your outcast English husband."

"Dare not once against my wishes, and I will have no more mercy on you than you have had on me."

"Why, what can you do?"

"Much. I have no child now whereby I can be conquered; and my husband is safe from your power, if power you have."

"What will the people say if you do refuse to marry the Dureeth?"

"They must say what they will quickly."

"What do you mean?" he asked, turning pale.

"I hear the English guns."

"That proves not the English will soon be in Delhi."

"Take warning—speak no ill of me in the city."

"Why should I take warning of thee?" he said, contemptuously.

"Because you love your life."

"What—would you attempt it?"

"More! I would destroy it!"

"How?"

"By turning the people upon you, as a cheat!"

"They would not believe your words."

"Will they not believe anything a goddess utters?"

"A goddess!"

"Ay, you have made me one. Take heed, or you yourself shall suffer. You have raised me up, and I, perchance, may have to crush you. Be wary. Speak no ill word of me, or I will turn the people on you, and you will be rent in pieces. Ah! it is your turn now to tremble, Nene! Begone!"

He started, even as he trembled.

"Begone!"

And, like the coward he was, his face turned pale, he bowed, and he hurried from the room.

(To be continued in our next.)

FOURTEEN DESERTERS SHOT.

THE South Carolinian, of May 24, records the execution of fourteen Confederates at Dalton for desertion. A correspondent who witnessed the affair says:—"When I arrived on the ground, I found the division of Major-General Stevenson drawn up in lines, forming three sides of a hollow square. In front were fourteen stakes, with a coffin at the foot of each, and in the rear of these a long line of yawning graves. In a few minutes after our arrival, four waggons containing the unfortunate men filed slowly through the lines, and approached the fatal spot. The men, with one exception, approached unmoved, and calmly looked around as though they were unconscious of the fearful end to which they were approaching. By direction of General Reynolds they were drawn up in line, and a number of chaplains approached them, and besought them to give the few remaining moments of their lives to prayer, which was followed by the reading of the 23rd Psalm, and an eloquent prayer, which affected the prisoners very much. General Reynolds then asked them if they had anything to say, and addressed them in an impressive manner for a few minutes. Two of them said they had no intention of deserting the service; one of them said he was cut off from his command at Mission Ridge, and did not know where to go, and so went home; the other said he deserted on account of his family. Several of their regimental and company officers now came forward and bade them farewell. The men, with one exception, were very excited, several having lost all control of their feelings. General Reynolds turned to them and said, 'May God have mercy on your souls,' and turned hastily away. The guard stepped forward, and taking each one to a stake, tied them fast, and then bound a cloth over their eyes. All began to pray, and some were shouting and clapping their hands. The shooting detail, consisting of 120 men, were marched in front of them, and an officer stepped aside and raised a handkerchief; then the ominous clicking of the locks was heard, which thrilled through the bystanders, and caused the unfortunate men at the stakes to shudder and tremble as though a galvanic battery had been applied to each. One moment, and a hundred tubes are levelled at their breasts. We hold our breath in suspense, and a sickly fainting feeling takes possession of us. While our eyes are riveted on the handkerchief—the fall of which is to send these men to an untimely grave—the officer turns from the condemned to the detail, hurries along the line, drops the handkerchief, and turns away. A raged volley, followed by straggling shots, and two of the men are lifeless; others are screaming in their agony, and imploring and beseeching the men to finish the work so badly done. A few struggled to a half-reclining position, suspended by the ropes which confined them to the stakes, and expired. A young soldier rushes up to shoot a poor wretch who is crying in agony for death, and presents his gun; but, sickened with the horrid sight, turns away, then wheels, and quickly aiming his gun, sends a ball through his breast. At last the poorest guard arrives, and despatches the few who were yet struggling. With a sad, sickened heart I turned away, and even after I had mounted my horse I heard a shot fired at some poor fellow who had lingered ten or fifteen minutes."

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH occurred on board one of the steamers from Liverpool to Dublin. When the steamer Windsor arrived at the North-wall, and all the passengers had cleared out, the body of a man, with his throat cut, was found lying under the fore-castle. The wound, which was at one side of the neck, was about an inch long and very deep. The place where he lay was covered with blood. On further examination two slight cuts were found on his right arm. A razor with blood on it was found near the spot. In his pocket was found a sovereign and a half, with a scrap of paper, on which was written—"Martin Tully, Cater, Winter, Sheffield." It was stated to the police that a sergeant of one of the regiments of the line, a passenger in the steamer from Liverpool, had been seen sitting with the deceased a short time before the steamer arrived in port. This person was taken into custody, pending the inquiry before the coroner; but he was afterwards released on bail, in consequence of the opinion expressed by Dr. White and Dr. Porter that the deceased committed suicide. He was about thirty-five years of age, and had the appearance of a cattle drover.

NEW WORKS.

BELL'S ENGLISH POETS. London: Charles Griffin and Co., Stationers' Hall-court.—The first three volumes of the English Poets, edited by Robert Bell, is now before us, comprising Shakespeare's poems, the poems of Ben Jonson, and the poems of Cowper. The reading public must hail with pleasure the issue of these cheap works in the excellent style in which they are brought out. As a literary editor few could be found more capable of doing justice to England's greatest poets than Robert Bell; and one glance only at either volume will show the care and attention he has displayed in his editorial duties. Not only is each work prefaced by an elaborate memoir of each author, but each work throughout abounds with well-studied notes. The memoirs show deep research, and are well-written. We give a short extract from the memoir of Cowper, as many of our readers may now for the first time read who were his ancestors. In our next, we will give a short extract from the memoir of Ben Jonson.

"The ancestors of William Cowper were possessed of estates at Stode, in Sussex, in the reign of Edward IV. Several members of the family appear to have served the office of sheriff in London; and William Cowper, of Batting-court, Nonington, Kent, received a Nova Scotia baronetcy from James I., and was created an English baronet by Charles I. He was a writer of verse, and is honourably distinguished for having built a monument to the author of the *Ecclesiastical Poetry*, graced by an epitaph of his own composition. In the civil wars, Sir William Cowper espoused the cause of the king, and, with his son John, was imprisoned by the parliament in Ely House, Holborn. John died in prison, leaving an infant son, William, who succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather in 1661. Sir William, the second baronet, married Sarah, the daughter of Sir Samuel Helled, merchant of London, by whom he had two sons, William and Spencer. Inheriting from his grandfather the castle at Hertford, Sir William possessed considerable local influence in the town, which he and his older son represented in parliament for several years, until a tragical circumstance, which nearly proved fatal to his younger son, Spencer, rendered the name of Cowper for a long time odious to the people."

The tragical circumstance previously alluded to is as follows:—

"The Cowpers were returned chiefly on the Quaker interest, and one of their principal supporters was a rich maltster of the name of Stout. Shortly before the occurrence referred to, Stout died, leaving his widow and his daughter, Sarah, in affluent circumstances. The Cowpers still kept up their intercourse with the Stouts, visiting them at Hertford, and inviting them to their house in London. Sarah, who was about twenty-five years of age, handsome, and of a romantic disposition, formed a violent attachment for Spencer Cowper, although she was aware that he was already married. As it afterwards appeared, he frequently reasoned with her on her unhappy infatuation, and endeavoured to avoid the secret meetings she planned and sought. When the assizes were held at Hertford, in March 1699, Spencer, who went that circuit with his brother, resisted her urgent solicitations to stay at her mother's house, and took lodgings in another part of the town, dining, however, at the house, and remaining after her mother had retired, for the purpose of renewing his remonstrances. After some hours, the servant who had left them together, and who had been ordered, in his presence, to prepare a bed for him, went back to the room, and found it empty. They had gone out of the house. The night passed over, and neither of them returned. The next morning the body of Sarah Stout was found in the Priory River. Spencer Cowper, being the last person seen in her company, was charged with the murder, and although other persons, supposed to be accomplices, were admitted to bail, appearances were so strongly against him that he was detained in close custody till the summer assizes, when he was put upon his trial. Not being allowed to retain counsel, he defended himself, with considerable ability, alleging that the prosecution partly originated in an electioneering conspiracy, and partly in the zeal of the Quakers to vindicate the character of the deceased, and the purity of their sect. He then entered into a detail of the circumstances, and called witnesses to the truth of his statements. The jury finally acquitted him, after having been half an hour closeted over their verdict. An attempt was subsequently made to bring him to trial again, by a process called 'An appeal to Murder,' upon a conviction under which form the crown would have been precluded from the exercise of mercy. The appeal was quashed on an informality, and the Lord Keeper refused to issue another writ. The case is given in some detail in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*."

William Cowper, the elder son, was raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor in 1707; and Spencer, the younger son, became Chief Justice of Chester and a Judge of the Common Pleas. Spencer Cowper died in Lincoln's Inn on the 10th of December, 1728; and his second son, John, was the father of William Cowper, the poet.

John Cowper was chaplain to George II., and held the living of Great Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire. He married Ann, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludham Hall, in Norfolk. This lady, after giving birth to several children, who died in infancy, expired in childbirth, in 1737, at the early age of thirty-four, leaving two sons, William, the poet, and John. Cowper, who always retained the most affectionate recollection of his mother, dedicated an affecting tribute to her memory.

William Cowper was born on the 26th of November, 1731, in the parsonage house, or, as he calls it the "pastoral house," of Great Berkhampstead.

A PASTORAL LETTER TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY. By the LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—In this Pastoral Letter the clergy and laity are called on "to adhere steadfastly to those interpretations of the language of our Church which have been commonly accepted as agreeable to Holy Scripture, and to the doctrine of the Catholic Church." In another Pastoral Letter, from the Lord Archbishop of York, he says, "I beseech my brethren of the clergy to beware of exceeding or departing from the statements of Scripture." These Pastoral Letters are called forth in answer not only to passages in the "Essays and Reviews," touching the authority of the Scriptures, but also as a necessary comment upon the result of the proceedings before the Privy Council in the two cases of the Bishop of Salisbury v. Williams and Kendall v. Wilson. They are issued by the hon. secretaries to the committee for getting signatures to the combined address to the two archbishops, and in support of their views as given in the Pastoral Letters. They are accompanied by a paper for signatures to be forwarded to 26 Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.

SINGULAR CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—About three months ago, Captain Joshua Mason, residing at Wood-green, Tottenham, was bitten slightly on the left hand by a dog, but the wound soon healing, he thought no more of the matter until the 29th ult., when he perceived a stinging sensation in the same hand, which gradually crept over the whole body. He became very ill, and experienced great difficulty in breathing. A surgeon was sent for, who treated the case as one of hydrophobia; but the patient got worse, became delirious, was very violent, broke from his watchers, and getting out of bed, ran in his linen half a mile from his house before he could be overtaken. He was at last brought back and placed in the care of his friends, but died the next day in violent paroxysms.

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORRO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVICE
MR. FAULKNER, SURGEON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons can be Consulted Daily from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Sundays excepted, at 40, EMDEN-STREET, LONG-ACRE, W. Patients who prefer being treated by correspondence, can do so. Established in 1845.
Late GRACE and FAULKNER.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE—The Greatest and most useful invention of the day, **AGUA AMARELLA**, a London Dispensary, has been prepared, and is now being sold by the public in this truly marvellous fluid, which gradually restores the human hair to its pristine hue—no matter at what age. The above is a true and reliable preparation, and when the hair is once restored, one application per month will keep it in perfect colour. One bottle price one guinea, will suffice: half bottle, 10s. 6d.

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PATENT INCOMBUSTIBLE STARCH, which, in addition to its superior staining qualities, renders all articles of dress and domestic use as truly flame-proof. Sold by all Oil and Colourmen, for stiffening and non-stiffening purposes in packets at 1d., 6d., and 1s. each; or in bottles, mixed for use, at 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

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